(1926,Oct, Zurich. E--2202.

Mondy, Oct.11, clear and rather cool. Had a long wait for breakfast because it was delivered to the wrong room. At 10.03 a.m. I left by train for Brugg, arriving at 10.30. At the station I asked the direction to the headquarters of the Federation of Swiss Farmers, or to the house of Dr.Lauer. An elderly gentleman volunteered to show me the way. Brugg was a small town and the house of Dr.Lauer was on the outskirts. My volunteer guide was very old, very feeble, and very slow, and very taciturn, possibly because he did not understand French very well. At last he pointed to a house down the street. I went to it and rang the bell. A woman stuck her head out of a second story window. In answer to my inquiry she told me to go to the next street, turn to the left and it would be the first house on the right. There I was told to go down one block. "Patience" I thought, "this is as exciting as hunting a squirrel." At last I hit upon the right house. I rang the door bell and after a long wait a girl appeared. I gave her my card and said I wished to see Dr.Lauer. She did not seem to know what to do with the card, perhaps because it was printed in French. She disappeared and after a time reappeared and opened a door at my side and I came into the presence of Dr.Lauer. At the Institute an elderly, scholarly, distinguished looking gentleman with a white beard had been pointed out to me on two different occasions as Dr.Lauer. I was therefore much surprised to see that Dr.Lauer was much younger, heavy set, round headed, businesslike and inclined to be a little brusque, and wholly different from my preconceived notion of him. He knew who I was and had heard of the census project, which he said he favored, but insisted that I talk with one of his assistants who knew something about statistics of which he himself professed to be ignorant. He sent for Dr. Howard and Dr.Borel, with whom I had a very satisfactory interview, although we had a long argument over

the census classification of fruit trees. Their conception of a fruit tree, it appeared, was of a very old tree that had been in bearing for many years. After discussing the census to our satisfaction I began to ask questions about the organization and purposes of their Farmers Union which both seemed very reluctant to discuss. However, Dr.Borel said that the Union grew out of the distressed situation of the farmers in 1890, and partly because at that time agriculture had little or no consideration in legislation. Since the formation of agricultural societies throughout Switzerland and their union into a single federation the officials of the organization had studied every question that comes up affecting agriculture, have formulated a program regarding it, and had circulated it with propaganda so that when the time for an election comes round the farmers act and vote as a unit. The federation administration is supported by a small fee from each member of one or one and a half francs, which in the aggregate amounts to 100,000 or more francs. In addition it has a small subsidy from the government. Some twenty years previously the federation began to get expense accounts from its members which afford rather complete information as to the cost of production and prices. It runs a series of index numbers of farm prices based on the reports of about 9,000 correspondents. It supplies press material which the member societies publish in their periodicals. Recently the Federation had announced itself in favor of a bonus on wheat, because during the war the supply was insufficient, and also because there was apparent danger of overproduction of butter and if farmers could be diverted to wheat growing it might help the dairy situation.

Dr.Howard said he was not satisfied with the government statistics relating to agriculture because they were neither complete nor accurate enough for which reason the Federation collected data from its own members.

After thanking these gentlemen for their information I bid them "Auf vedersehn" and made my way back to the little railway station. At a small restaurant near by I obtained a most abominable luncheon for the equivalent of one dollar, Then I walked about for an hour until the train came to take me back to Zurich. This train took an hour to traverse the same distance that the morning train had made in half an hour. It was 3 p.m. when I reached Zurich. At the office of the American Express I cashed a check and bought transportation to Geneva for the following day. Then I walked along the river and took some pictures. Far to the south I could dimly see the snowclad peaks of the Alps. After a nap at the hotel I had a disappointing supper at the railway restaurant, and, rather tired, I retired early.

Tuesday, Oct.12, partly cloudy and cold. Immediately after breakfast I transferred my belongings to the railway station. The street in front of the station was full of country people with vegetables, poultry, and other produce for sale. While waiting for the train I walked to the top of a hill and found a park used as a playground. It was higher than the surrounding buildings and from it one had a fine view of the city across the river. The train left at 11.40, reached Berne at 1.40, Friborg at 2.45. Just before reaching Friborg the train crossed a high bridge over a deep ravine at the bottom of which was a small stream. It is a beautiful section of highlands, mountains and valleys, of woods, green meadows, neat cottages and farm houses. At the railway station I noticed for the first time that the signs were in French instead of German. We reached Lausanne at 4.05 p.m. Some miles back the train passed through a tunnel high up in the mountain and on emerging the beautiful Lake Leman burst into view

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tain and on emerging the beautiful Lake Leman burst into view. with high mountains on one side and vineclad slopes on the other. The vineyards were especially neat. The vines were trained on short upright stakes and the vineyards were separated by neat stone fences. The slopes were terraced with neat stone walls. I saw wagons pulled by cows, farmers pulling up turnips for stock feed, and some were spreading manure, of which extraordinary quantities seemed to be available. Orchards were small and the trees far apart, mostly apple, although I saw a few cherry and peach trees. Most of the apples I saw on the fruit stands were very inferior, small and malformed.

After following the lake shore for many miles, passing through several towns and villages, we reached Geneva at 5.05. I went to the Hotel Des Bergnes and was given a nice room. After washing up I left some films to be developed, bought some postcards and cigars, and took a walk along the quais. I was very tired from having looked at the landscape so steadily through the car windows for so many hours. I had supper in the hotel dining room. It was delicious, ~~but~~ cost the equivalent of three dollars, but was so good I felt it wwas worth it. After writing up my notes for the day I retired early.

Wednesday,Oct.Geneva. I first called on the American Consul who said he knew nothing of the statistical organization of the League of Nations, or of the International Labor ~~Bureau~~ Office, but he readily arranged for interviews. I also obtained from his office a nice batch of letters.

I took a taxie to the Labor Office which was in a large building surrounded by a fine grove of large pine trees on the lake shore. There I met Prof.Pridham, in charge of the

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statistical section, with whom I discussed the items in the census schedule relating to farm labor, after which he outlined briefly the organization and work of his section. After our interview I went out and sat in the grounds for awhile to enjoy the wonderful view across the smooth sheet of water, the hills covered with meadows and groves rising from its shores, the trees beginning to show their autumn coloring, the villas scattered along the lake shore, and beyond and towering up into the blue sky the snowy peaks of the Alps.

At noon I invited Prof.Prydham to the National Club where we were joined by Mr,Richardson, whom I had met in Rome. . We had a very agreeable luncheon and discussed the situation of statistical and economic organization in various countries. Like so many others, they were especially interested in Russia, as was the American Consul in the morning and who had urged me to give some talks on the subject upon my return to the United States, which he thought desirable because of the misunderstanding in the State Department and elsewhere as to the true situation. He thought this was because the people who advocate recognition of the Soviet government all had some ulterior motive, such as the promotion of some commercial enterpriseor because they had been hoodwinked by the Soviet authorities. Prof.Prydham was urgent that I remain in Geneva another week in order to attend ameeting of statistical specialists at the Labor Bureau to discuss ways and means of promoting uniformity in statistical methods relating to labor, but I declined on the ground that the questions to be discussed did not relate specifically to agriculture and I did not feel justified in interrupting my travel schedule.

On the way back to the hotel I stopped at the American Express to arrange for a sleeper reservation to Rome

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At a small restaurant near the hotel I had supper, which was a dismal and disappointing affair, but cost the equivalent of $1.60. A better one could have been obtained in the United States at that time for twenty-five cents. This combination of poor food, abominable service, and high price, was very exasperating. After dark the lights of the city shining on and across the lake were very pretty.

2207a-c

~~(Wife, Oct.13, gray folder.~~

~~(Wife, Oct.14, same.~~

Thursday, Oct.14, clear and hot. After breakfast I sat awhile on Rousseau' s little island, which is a beautiful spot, with the blue expanse of the lake in one direction, the wharf, bridges, boats, and a long line of hotels facing the lake, and across the lake and over the hills the snowy peaks of the Alps. In the center of the little island is a bronze statue representing Rousseau as a young man with animated expression. About the statue are some tall swaying Lombardy poplars and one immense poplar on [illegible]

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and one immense poplar or cottonwood with golden leaves that were fluttering to the ground and making a golden carpet In the lake and the swiftly flowing river at its outlet were many beautiful white swans that always attract attention.

Then I walked to the palace of the League of Nations, a large building in a park facing the lake. On the front of the buildihg is a bronze tablet bearing an inscription to the effect that the building was erected in commemoration of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States and founder of the League of Nations. I had to wait nearly an hour in the large reception hall before I could get an audience. While waiting I noticed the extraordinarily large number of pretty messenger girls, so many that it looked as if a ball might be in progress. Also I noted the number of Chinese and Japanese officials carrying portfolios. At last a message came to the effect that Sir Arthur Salter, Chief of the Bureau of Economics and Finance, was away, but that Mr.Loveday, chief of section in the bureau, would see me. I found him in a small room on the top floor of the building. From his windows one had a fine view of the lake and the mountains beyond. We had met before at the meeting of the International Institute of Statistics at Rome the year before. He talked freely of the organization and functions of the bureau and of the intelligence section of which he was in charge, which he explained obtained data relating to commodities and prices from the adhering governments by means of questionnaires and special inquiries, and analyzes, summarizes, and publishes the information in a monthly publication, that it was planning to issue a yearbook, and had devoted much time and thought to the preparation of standard forms for reporting financial and commercial data which

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After returning to the hotel I took luncheon in a cafe nearby. The luncheon was a disappointment, but was partly compensated for by the appearance of a modest, business-like, modern young lady who sat facing me at a table near my own in such a position that the sunlight streamed full upon her. She wore a green dress with skirts so short that they did not cover her well rounded knees when sitting down. She wore a dainty pair of high-heeled shoes, pink silk stockings that reached a few inches above the knee and held up at the sides with silken straps. Above the silk stockings were two well rounded pinkish white satiny legs that came together just below the waist, leaving very little to the imagination. The face above the table was pretty, serene, and expressed no consciousness that there was anything under her table of interest to the elderly looking gentleman sitting opposite. Was it modest on his part to look so closely at that pretty pair of legs and lingerie not often exposed to view, he asked himself. What should a gentleman do under such circumstances? What are eyes for, anyway?

After luncheon I took a long walk to get some kodak pictures. I crossed one of the numerous bridges over the headwaters ~~was~~ of the River Rhone to the ~~museum~~ Museum of History on a hill where I inspected the exhibits which were very similar to those ~~those~~ in the ~~museum at Berne. On one of the floors was an exhibit of cur-~~

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Next I went to the Italian Tourist office and bought transportztion to Rome and ~~at~~ the photographer's for my prints and negatives. Then I walked along the bank of the river as far as the power station. The river is swift and so clear that one can see almost every stone on the bottom as well as the fish darting about.

~~After~~ After a poor excuse for breakfast and a disappointing luncheon I decided to have a good supper. I went to the grill room of the hotel and had a delicious steak, French fried potatoes, white bread and Swiss butter, a bunch of grapes and half a bottle of wine, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Then for a stroll which was without incident except for the long rows of electric lights on the bridges crossing the river and along the water front, and their multiplied reflection in the lake. At my room I packed up for the trip the following day.

Geneva is a beautiful city because of its superb surrounding, but I did not like it because of the dirth of movement, the lack of places of amusment, and the people seemed very solemn and uncommunicative.

Friday, Oct.13, a perfect clear warm day. After breakfast and getting my baggage down and settling the bill, I took a walk. For awhile I sat on Rouseau's little island to put in time until the hotel bus was ready. It was a pleasant spot with the sun shining brightly, the poplar trees murmuring in the breeze and dropping golden leaves one by one on the ground, and the sight and sound of rippling water. The

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The train left about 11 a.m. and followed the lake shore for two hours. We passed through Lausanne and around the head of the lake to the ~~east~~ east and then for another hour along the upper reaches of the Rhone which grew steadily smaller as we climbed ~~steadily~~ up into the mountains. The mountains stood out clear and sharp and seemed to be very steep. The slope we were ~~traversing~~ traversing was terraced with stone walls and set in vineyards until we ~~left~~ left the lake. Up in the mountains there was much rocky land, ~~some~~ some small ~~pstures~~ pastures and a few houses. At 4.12 p.m. we reached Brigue, a ~~picturesque~~ picturesque small town high up ~~in the mountains~~ with ~~high~~ lofty mountains behind it covered with snow.

The ~~examination~~ examination of passports and baggages took place between Brigue on the Swiss side and Dopodossalo on the Italian side, and thereby hangs a tale. Because the visee of the Italian embassy at Washington had expired the previous April, ~~because~~ and the Italian Consul at Vienna had assured me that it did not matter so long as my passport continued in force ~~and~~ a new visee was not necessary, and because I had returned from ~~Venice~~ Vienna to Rome without a new visee, I had not thought a new visee was ~~necessary~~ required this time. When the Italian officials came through the train after leaving Brigue they at once called my attention to the fact that the Italian visee on my passport had expired. When I explained the situation they simply shook their heads.and said I would have to explain the matter to the chief of police at Dopodossa. lo After passing through the great tunnel and following an uneasy mountain stream for half an hour or more we reached Dopodossa. lo There my baggage was taken out and placed on the platform and I hurried to the office of the chief of police. I explained to him and his assistants that I had ob-

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served that the Italian visee had expired, for that reason I had gone to the Italian Consul in Vienna who had examined the passports and assured me that a new visee was not necessary; that I had entered Italy since then without question; that my passported was a special one, semidiplomatic in character; that I was an employee of the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome and my official headquarters were there;that these facts were set forth in my papers which I exhibited; and I reminded them that the President of the Institute under whose authority I was traveling on an official mission was the former head of the Italian immigration service. The chief of police was obdurate and not overly courteous, saying that I should remain at the station under guard and take the first train north out of Italy. This meant a delay of nearly 24 hours and the forfeiture of my sleeper reservation to Rome.

When I asked the chief of police why it was deemed necessary to treat an official of the United States government who was also an official of the International Institute of Agriculture so severely for a technicality for which he was not responsible and which other Italian officials had ignored,he answered with brutal frankness that Italians entering the United States were treated with inexcusable and damnable severity by the American port authorities and Italy proposed to do the same with Americans entering her territory. This appealed to me as an excellent reason and fully justified, my only regret being that the American officials responsible for the United States regulations and their enforcement could not undergo the inconvenience and annoyance I, an innocent American, was put to.

Fortunately I did not have to wait long. A train for the north came at 6 p.m., after dark, and I rode second class to Brigue. We reached Brigue at 7.30 p.m. A porter who spoke English took me

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and my baggage to the Grand Hotel Crounes et Poesi up on the hillside a few blocks from the station. The hotel was a rambling affair, and I was given a ~~nice~~ good room and bath and a small reception room, all nicely furnished and very comfortable, for which I was duly thankful. The supper was excellent. It was too dark outside to see anything so I repaired to the little "American Bar" of the hotel and had a whiskey and soda and a cigar. These comforts made me take a more philosophical view of the unexpected interruption to my return to Rome.

Saturday, Oct.19, a beautiful clear day. I was awakened early by the tinkling of bells. Looking out of my window I could see sturdy looking peasant women leading or driving little cows or pigs, or carrying chickens or vegetables. The peasants seemed to be dressed in gala attire and the animals seemed to have been groomed and prepared for exhibition, because many of them were decorated with colored ribbons.

After a ~~nice~~ good breakfast I walked out in the sunshine and not far from the hotel discovered a small country fair in progress where prize animals, vegetables, flowers and articles of handiwork of various kinds were exhibited. The peasants were dressed in distinctive costumes. It was a bright, colorful, animated scene. A small mountain brook flowed with great swiftness over a rocky bed through the middle of the town. The snowcapped mountains near Brigue were so high and steep that it was impracticable to get a photograph of them. The upper third of the mountains were treeless, the middle third fairly well covered with fir trees, and the lower third with green meadows. The dwellings high up the slopes looked like little bird houses. The cattle and sheep at the fair were undersized and rather thin. Most of the cattle were brown Swiss. The pigs were pretty creatures and very clean, with big drooping

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ears and long curly tails. They were driven through the streets of Brigue and pig-like protested with squeals at every step when compelled to move in a straight line. The sheep also were refractory and had to be pushed or pulled along. There were many brass bells on the animals and for sale at the fair and I wished to buy one as a souvenir and for use at Sunny Hill farm but feared that it would be a nuisance to carry with me. A tourist in a large motor car bought half a dozen of these bells of different sizes and patterns.

Promptly at 9 a.m. I found the office of the Italian Consul in a small bare room on the second floor of a little building on a side street. The only furniture in his office was a pine table and two or three dilapidated chairs. The Consul was a little insignificant old man whose manner was one of apology for being alive. He quickly affixed his rubber stamp to my passport and seemed elated at receiving his fee, the equivalent of fifty cents. It was for lack of this rubber stamp that my trip had been interrupted and I lost my sleeper reservation. However, I enjoyed my brief stap at Brigue.

The train left at 11 a.m., half an hour late. At my request I was given a seat in a compartment in which smoking was permitted. It was already occupied by two other passengers. Soon I passed through the great tunnel for the third time within eighteen hours. The coach became excessively hot because of closed windows when passing through the tunnels. Gradually we descended the rocky slopes on the Italian side that are so entirely different in appearance from the Swiss side as to seem almost a different world. The train follwed the shore of Lake Maggiore, which was smooth as glass, blue,and reflected the snowclad Alps in the background. There were many villas and hotels along the lake shore. We had a satis-

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factory luncheon on the train and arrived at Milan at 2.30 p.m., where I had to change to a train leaving at 3.15 p.m.Cook's man on the platform assured me that the train I was about to take went through to Rome. However, when I boarded the train I was shown to a second class compartment, although my ticket called for a first class one, and the conductor said I would have to change to another coach farther on. When I protested, he said I could retain my seat without changing to another coach by paying twenty-seven lire. I paid it, but felt morally certain that it was simply a form of extortion.

We passed through Piacensa at 4.30 p.m., and later we passed through Parma, Bologna,and Firenze about midnight. During the daylight hours the country was flat and uninteresting, practically all under irrigation, with rows of mulberry trees separating or marking off strips of land in alfalfa, turnips, maize, or other crops. The maize had been harvested and the stalks had been cut and stacked without shocking. Much ground had been plowed and was very cloddy, showing that there had been no rain for a long time. Gangs of men and women were to be seen braking the clods with mattocks.

At Milan I was joined inm my compartment first by a young woman, tall, slender, shapely, with a clear-cut, highly colored, cameo-like face, fine eyes, abundant black hair, well dressed, and aristocratic bearing, but no baggage except a tiny hand bag. In a few minutes we were joined by a large, portly, important looking man of middle age, who was waited upon deferentially by several assistants to whom he gave peremptory instructions in a dictatorial and rather ostentatious manner. Later I learned that he was an official of the communications service. Upon entering the compartment he gave one ~~comprehensive~~ appraising look at the young lady and

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promptly took the seat at her side. Soon a third passenger entered, a young man of the same stout, energetic type as the elder, whom I later learned was an automobile engineer. That made four of us in the one compartment. I sat in the corner next to the window and opposite the elder man. The young engineer sat next to me and opposite the young lady.

I sat smoking, reading a newspaper or looking out of the window with one eye, and with the other eye watched my fellow passengers and listened to their conversation with interest. The lady was very attractive, her skirt was of the prevailing short cut, coming just to the knees and displaying a pair of beautifully rounded legs which were objects of much interest to the gentlemen. We were somewhat crowded because of our hand baggage, although the lady had only her handbag. The two Italian gentlemen ~~soon~~ opened a conversation, which soon became animated and a little vehement, and very skillfully the lady was drawn into it. They discussed in succession the relative merits and significance of short hair and long hair for women, long skirts and short skirts, concealment or display of feminine charms, modesty and wantonness, fidelity and infidelity, the relative advantages of monogamy and polygamy, of batchelorhood and married life, the advantages and disadvantages of mistresses, personal experiences with mistresses, the expense of maintaining a separate establishment and providing separate allowances to mistresses,the relative advantages to a woman in remaining single, or marriage, wifehood and motherhood, or of being kept in idleness and luxury as a mistress. Gradually the talk drifted into politics, but was quickly terminated by the elder gentleman saying that these were questions he was not permitted to discuss.

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Late in the evening the engineer said that he was very tired, having had no sleep for forty-eight hours, and apologized for the necessity of taking a nap, which he promptly proceeded to do and slept soundly until he had to leave the coach later in the evening. No sooner had he withdrawn from social intercourse in this way than the elder official said that he two would take a nap. He took off his coat and laid down lengthwise in the seat with his head in the lady's lap. For an hour or more she repulsed him, but he persisted. After dark the train stopped at a station long enough for passengers to get something to eat. I obtained a sandwitch, some fruit, and half a bottle of wine. The official did likewise and divided his refreshments with the lady. After the engineer left our compartment the official became very persistent in his attentions to the lady, tried to take her hand, tried even to kiss her, tried again to lay his head in her lap, to all of which she protested, but in a good humored way like a mother with a spoiled boy. He kept this up during the night with steady persistence until she became physically tired and very sleepy. In the early morning hours she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. I wondered how much the old fellow would have given to have had me out of the compartment and the young lady all to himself, although he had apparently come to regard me as a piece of furniture. In the early morning hours the train made a short stop and the official got out. He returned in a moment with a pot of hot black coffee and two paper cups. He woke the lady and insisted that she drink some of the coffee, which she did and thereafter remained awake. Then he renewed the discussion about

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mistresses, but this time with a personal application. He said he had a wife and children; but his wife had aged and concentrated all her interest in the children; he felt as young as he ever did and his wife no longer was any satisfaction to him because of her indifference; hence he was thinking of setting up a separate establishment. He knew of a suitable apartment, and he described it to the lady at his side in great detail. He named the monthly allowance he would make to her if she would consent to occupy the apartment at his expense, in addition to the attention and entertainment he would povide. In perfect good humor she discussed with him the possibility of having children, and what sort of provision would he make for them; and what provision would he make for her future when she, like his wife, became older and less attractive and more interested in the children or other things than in him; and what would happen if he met another, a yonnger and more attractive and more complaisant woman than she; and a number of like considerations that indicated a remarkably clear understanding on her part of what was involved in such a relationship. It was a long night, spent sitting up, after an all day ride in a hot coach, but was made exceedingly interesting by the actions and conversation of my fellow passengers.

At 5 a.m. there was no trace of dawn, but by 5.30 the eastern sky became a shade lighter. By 6.30 the sky began to turn pink. The last sixty miles was through ~~mxsxx~~ a mist that lay between the mountains like a lake. It was hard to avoid the illusion that it was a lake when the train ran just above its level and nothing was visible below its surface which reflected the colors of the morning sky.

Saturday, Oct.16. The train reached Rome at 7.25 a.m. and there was the usual scrambling for porters, hubbub and confusion,

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A taxi took me through the familiar streets of ~~Rom~~ Rome and I was soon installed at the old Minerva Hotel in a room on the fourth floor in the rear. After a bath, change of clothing, and breakfast, I went to the office. There I found two clerks working in the second room. The door to my private office was locked and the key mislaid, but one of the clerks forced it open. All was dirt and confusion. There was no sign of any letters awaiting me. I walked over to the main building and ascertained that Mr.Hobson, the American Delegate, had come and gone. Feeling very tired I returned to the hotel, laid down and slept through the afternoon.

Sunday, Oct.17, clear and warm. Except for meals I spent the entire day in bed resting and sleeping clear through to the next morning, which indicated to me that I had been under something of a strain and was in need of rest.

Monday, Oct.18, cloudy and warm. After my long rest I felt much refreshed and ready for business. I found that my office had been cleaned up and put in order. It was a great satisfaction to again sit in the one revolving office chair at the Institute, behind my desk, among my own accumulation of books and papers, and from time to time look out of the window at the bright life in the beautiful Borghese Park. After a smoke I walked over to the Statistical Division and was cordially welcomed by Messrs.Dore and Longobardi. After some hesitation Mr.Dore announced that during my absence two apointments to my office staff had been made, Dr. Isaac Salto as secretary, and ~~Dem~~ Signorina Adriana Vanzetti as file

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clerk and typist. I expressed mild surprise that I had not been consulted about these appointments to positions in my immediate office during my absence and without my knowledge and without consulting me as to the necessity for such appointments or preference in the selection of those with whom I would have to be associated and upon whom I would have to depend to look after the office during my coming absences. Mr.Dore appeared somewhat embarrassed, but replied that the President of the Institute was so much pleased with the progress I was making that he had ordered that I be given office assistants. I asked Mr.Dore where my secretary and my typist were. He said they were were working in his division and he would bring them over and introduce them to me in the afternoon, a promise which he did not keep. Mr.Longobardi had some mail for me, including letters from mother and sister saying that during September they had almost seventeen days of continuous rain that had damaged the crops, and that my wife and children and Mrs.Crozier had returned to Washington after spending a month at Sunny Hill.

I called on the Secretary General for a few minutes, and other officials of the Institute, all of whom seemed glad to see me back. At my office I began to draft a report to the Secretary General. It was cloudy. dark, and the electric lights went out, so that I strained my eyes. At 4.30 p.m. I left and stopped at Rosatti's on the Piazza del Popolo. It was very pleasant sitting at a little table outside, sipping a whiskey and soda and smoking a cigar, and watching lower and middle class Rome pass by amid historic surroundings. Just over to the left was the Flaminian Gate through which Caesar and his hosts entered Rome on an historic occasion, and centuries later Mussolini and his blackshirt followers entered. On one side of the entrance was the cathedral that Martin Luther attended. Near that the supposed site of Nero's tomb. Then the

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almost vertical, terraced, monumented, slope of the Pincio hill with stone balustrade on top and restaurant pavilion and park beyond. To the right two great cathedrals on converging streets with their massive columns and facadss in front, balustrades and flocks of pigeons on top. In the center was the fountain spouting water into a great basin sourrounded by marble lions. What scenes that old Piazza had witnessed. Armies had crossed it, triumphant marches had crossed it, barbarian hords from the northlands had crossed it, the men, women, and children, of at least sixty generations had crossed it, all the great notables of Europe had crossed it, and I had seen regiment after regiment of Mussolini's Facisti, armed troops, Bersiglieri,youths, and children in the black shirt uniform crossing it. And over to the right on the sidewalk next to the steps to the cathedral platform was my old friend the bootblack who waved his cap at me. And up on the platform was the old woman, with the scapegrace boy. I often wondered if she was the bootblack's wife, who sold sweetmeats to the children of the neighborhood from a wonderful basket, and who smiled and waved her hand. Around me were tourists of various nationalities with a sprinkling of old habituees. The waiters all knew me and welcomed me with a smile. In front passed the endless procession of Roman gentility in carriages and automobiles, and occasionally afoot; the mothers with babies in arms and flocks of children hanging to their skirts and the espression of a madonna on their faces; the nursemaids with the baby carriages, or little toddlers at their side; workmen hurrying to catch the tram car; and boys and girls running and shouting and chasing each other in and out of the stream of traffic. Carts and little donkeys were crossing, old dilapidated carriages and drivers, and spick and span motor cars. I was filled with great content and said to myself, "In all the world there is only one Piazza del Popolo, and

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I am part of it for the moment, perfectly at home, and I only wish that I might be burried on the Pincio hill opposite so that if I ever regained consciousness I would look down on this familiar scene, a scene that can be ~~seen~~ observed nowhere else in the world.

I walked across town to the hotel and opened up my trunks that had been brought out of storage. I got out the portable phonograph and played some of my favorite records, some of them reviving plaasing memories of life in Buenos Aires where the instrument and records were purchased. ¶ For supper I went to the San Carlo restaurant, got my old seat, and the waiters all in turn stopped to greet me. After supper I walked out to the Ponte Cavour to take a look at old Tiber. ¶ While looking over the parapet a young woman who said she was from Milan came to my side and said that she remembered me. I asked when and where. She said she had seen me many times and had followed me to my office in Borghese Park, on the Corso, and other places, and that I always seemed to be walking about in a dream, or watching people, or birds, or looking at flowers, or into shop windows, and that I had never noticed her or other women that noticed me. This sounded plausible. At any rate I had no recollection of having seen her before. She was attractive and very friendly and invited me to come with her to her room. I declined, but for the sake of sociability I offerred to take her to Rosatti's at the end of the bridge and have a glass of wine together. my thought being that she deserved something in return for breaking the ice and that it would be an excellent opportunity to brush up on Italian. She accepted and we spent an hour very pleasantly together. She was a pretty blond, as is often the case with north Italians. Among other things she asked if I remembered a plump little brunette that I had treated to a glass of beer the previous spring, much as I was treating her to a glass of wine now. After

I am part of it for the moment, perfectly at home, and I only wish that I might be buried on the Pincio hill opposite so that if I ever regained consciousness I would look down on this familiar scene, a scene that can be ~~seen~~ nowhere else in the world.

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hearing her description of further details I vaguely remembered having met the "plump one." She said that she and the "plump one" were companions for many months; that because of that casual meeting with the "plump one" she had kept her eye on me ever since as a promising prospect, hoping that the same good fortune might come to her as to the "plump one." "And what was that," I asked. She said the "plump one" had met an Englishman, young, handsome, and prosperous, married him, and was now Mrs.Smith, had a husband and a home of her own, and sometimes traveled about with her husband. "And so, my dear, you thought may be the good fairies might bring you an American for a husband, even if he was not young and handsome?" She was silent and with downcast eyes twisted the napkin a little nervously and then looked up with bright eyes in which there was a trace of tears and an ineffably pathetic smile in my face and nodded without saying anything. If it was acting, it was consummate acting; but I don't think it was acting; I thought simply that she envied the good fortune of her former associate, the "plump one," and hoped she might duplicate it. She had seen me going about alone and had assumed that I was single. Gently and considerately I told her that I was getting old, that I was married, and that I had a home and children in America, so that her dream was impossible in connection with me; but that if she kept herself clean, sweet, and attractive, the good little fairies might bring her a young, handsome and rich American who was not married and who might want to take her back with him to America. She smiled bravely in her disappointment, nodded a time or two as if communing with herself, and then looking me in the face said "I knew you were good, I knew you were good, and that is why I had the courage to speak to you on the bridge." "Thank you," I said, "and now I must go for I have work to do." I will go with you," she said. "As

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far as the Corso," I replied, and she nodded acquiescence. Together we walked slowly across the bridge and up the deserted street as far as the Corso. There with a hand clasp I raised my hat to her, bowed, and said "A riverderci, Signorina," and she replied with a smile and a wave of the hand "A riverderci." As I wended my way back to the hotel I thought, "And so the little blond lady of the street dreams of a husband, children, and a home of her own. Well, I believe she deserves it and I hope she will be as successful and fortunate as the "plump one" whom I vaguely remembered having met in much the same way.

(Mother, Oct.21, gray folder.X

(1926, Oct. Rome.

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Tuesday, Oct.19, clear and hot. Soon after arriving at the office Mr.Hobson came in ~~a~~ for a few minutes. He seemed to be in bad humor, partly because he had been hunting apartments without much success. Then a telephone message came that the Secretary General wanted to see me. He was gracious and seemed much pleased at my success in securing the cooperation of officials in all the countries I had visited. He said ~~the~~ that a secretary and a typist had been appointed during my absence in accordance with the instructions of the president who said that my office should have a permanent staff, and that I had not been informed because of my rapid movements and his fear that the notice might not reach me. This I thought was a rather weak excuse, and I knew instantly that Mr.Dore had reported to him my expression of dissatisfaction, and that was why the two appointees had not been brought over to my office the afternoon before as he had promised. Yes, clearly, they had gone ahead and made the appointments while I was away without much thought of what I might think or say when I returned, and now that I was here Mr. Dore passed the ~~xxx~~ resulting embarrassment on to the sedretary general, and he in turn on to the president, and I suppose if I had seen the president about it he would have passed it on to the permanent committee. I said I greatly appreciated the solicitude of the president and others for the success of the little census office, regretted that I had not had an opportunity to meet the candidates before their actual appointment, but hoped for the best. With respect to the appointment of an assistant director, he asked that I prepare a report on the four candidates I had found in the course of my travels not later than November 10 when a special meeting of the permanent committee would be held to consider it.

After my return to the office Mr.Dore brought over the two newly appointed assistants.Dr. Salto and Miss Vanzetti. Obviously

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both were under mental strain and a little nervous. I knew exactly what that meant and they instantly had my sympathy. I greeted them cordially and tried to reassure them, because they were in no way responsible for the faux pas of the Institute officials. It was agreed that they should report for duty in the afternoon.

Dr.Salto was a tall, dark complexioned man with an oval face and apparently about 28 years old. He said that he was born and grew up in Egypt, attended primary and secondary schools, graduated from a college maintained in Egypt by the Italian government, was employed for a time in the statistical department of the Egyptian government, came to Italy and for two years was employed in the division of foreign economics, then did editorial work on an Italian newspaper, had married an Italian lady and then worked as secretary for her father. Through a member of the Institute he heard of the position of secretary for the director of the world agricultural census, made application for it, and was appointed. I started him (1) to search through the books, bulletins, and papers on file in the Casetta for certain ones whose subjects I gave him, in order that he might become familiar with our accumulated material; (2) to obtain from the Institute a complete and detailed financial statement of the status of the allotment of funds to the census project; and (3) to find some one who could translate the census program from either English or French into Spanish. I found that Dr.Salto could speak Italian fluently, French very well, and English somewhat brokenly, which I thought was a pretty good showing for a young man whose native language was Egyptian and who also spoke Arabic. On the whole I thought Dr. Salto very promising, and was not mistaken, because he continued to improve in my estimation with further acquaintance.

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Miss Vanzetti was a tall, very slender, blond woman of about forty, with clear cut refined features, positive manners, and a rapidity of articulated speech seldom equaled in English or any other language, and obviously very quick, nervous, and intelligent. So clear, distinct, rapid, and correct was her speeeh that I assumed that she was English. It was with surprise that I heard her the next day speak perfect literary Italian with even greater fluency and then learned that she was of Italian parentage and birth but had lived in Australia and England for many years. As an old shorthand reporter I had learned to estimate quite accurately the number of words per minutes of a speaker and knew that it ranges from 60 per minute for a slow speaker to 250 per minute for very rapid speakers, and that only an excited woman laboring under a grievance real or fancied could emit 350 words per minute, which was beyond the limit of the most rapid shorthand reporter that ever lived. My estimate of Miss Vanzetti's speed of speech was that it was habitually near the extreme limit of 350 words per minute. In view of which I could readily understand why she classified many people as stupid simply because they could not mentally follow her kaleidescopic rapidity of thought and speech. Evidently her mind clicked with instantaneous rapidity and her speech was equally instantaneous and rapid. This was true of both her Italian and English, and her French was almost as rapid. Neither her personality, appearance, nor volubility of speech impressed me favorably, and the fact that she could not write shorthand was against her, as well as the fact that she had been appointed to my office without my knowledge or consent. Naturally I questioned her about her past office experience. She explained that as an orphan she had gone to live with an uncle in Australia, had lived for a time in England, had been adopted by an Italian nobleman in the diplomatic service, and

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had served as his private secretary on a number of important missions. Later as I came to know her better I ceased to take note of her personal peculiarities and volubility and came to admire her greatly for her exceptional intelligence, efficiency, loyalty, common sense, energy, and initiative, and we became very good friends. Later I learned also that soon after the breaking out of the war she went from Australia to London with a girl friend and worked in offices and had all sorts of adventures. After the war she returned to her relatives in Italy and was adopted by an Italian of high rank who was sent to Washington, London, and other places on diplomatic missions. She accompanied him on these missions, and when he died he left her a legacy that ordinarily would have been sufficient to support her in comfort, but through the mistaken advice of friends she invested her legacy in stocks and lost all. This forced her to seek employment. Through the influence of friends she found a place in the Institute, but the salary was so small that outside employment was necessary so that when she was transferred to my office she was also employed evenings with the Italian Foreign Office translating into Italian the English and French messages that came by radio. In addition she occasionally translated manuscripts for private people. The result was that she was generally overworked. I set her to going through the correspondence files ~~so as~~ to see what was in them and be able to find things later.

Wednesday, Oct.20, clear and hot. After leaving my portable typewriter and a watch at the repair shop I went to the office and began working on my expense account, reports, and correspondence. After office hours I did some shopping.

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thing they were doing for him. He brought over with him, at the suggestion of the Secretary General, a copy of an order approved by the Permanent Committee reorganizing the services of the Institute and placing the census project in the Bureau of Statistics, of which Mr.Dore was chief. This I did not like at all, because it was contrary to the stipulations I had made when I accepted the position of director of the census project to the effect that I should have a free hand and be subject only to the control of the president and the permanent committee. My first thought was that inasmuch as I had accepted the position under pressure from the Department of Agriculture in Washington and very much wanted to resign, here was an excellent excuse for resigning in the event there was any interferemce with my plans. I spent a good part of the day interviewing candidates for the position of stenographer, but none of them appeared to be satisfactory because of inexperience. Was having trouble with my eyes, the electric light in the office being out of commission. Upon returning to the hotel I found that the typewriter had been delivered so that I could again write letters.

(Wife, Oct.24, gray folder.

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(1926, Oct. Rome. E--2230.

Friday, Oct.22, raining all day with strong wind. In the forenoon Miss Wallace, head of an agency for supplying stenographers, typists, and translators, came to the office and took from dictation an accumulation of letters which later were delivered in excellent shape. In the afternoon Mr.Hobson and a party called. This was the second time I had seen him since my return, most of his time being spent in search of apartments. In the afternoon it was too dark without an electric light to either read or write, so I spent some time in conversation with Dr.Salto and Miss Vanzetti in and effort to become better acquainted with them and they with me so that during my long absences they would know something of my point of view and ideas about how the office should be run. Both responded, became quite confidential about themselves, and seemed to enjoy the seance. At the hotel I took a long nap. When I awoke I discovered that it was dark and that my watch had stopped at 6.30 p.m., and when I went down to the hotel restaurant I found that it was 8.30 p.m.

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"Roma, 23 October 1926.

"Mr. Carlo Dragoni,
"Secretary General,
"International Institute of Agriculture,
"Rome.

"Dear Mr.Dragoni:

"Service Order No.18,884 has been brought to my attention and I observe that the World Census Project is included as a part of the Statistical Bureau. Such an arrangement might be logical and proper after the special preliminary work for which I was engaged is completed in 1929, but at the present time it would be exceedingly unfortunate because of the difficulty the Institute would experience in finding a statistician with the qualifications necessary to make the project a success who would consent to serve in a subordinate capacity in the Statistical Bureau.

"I consented to enter the service of the Institute as Director of the Census Project, at a very considerable financial and personal sacrifice, only on condition that 'I have a free hand, subject to the instructions and approval of the Permanent Committee and of the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture,' as was expressly stipulated in a memorandum to the Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U.S.Department of Agriculture, under date of January 30, 1925, and a copy of which was transmitted to the American Delegate at Rome. This is still the only condition under which I will consent to serve.

"If the Institute desires me to continue to win the good will and cooperation of the officials of the various governments in support of the census project it will be necessary to modify Service Order No.18,884 immediately so as to show the census project as a separate service, the same as sylviculture. Otherwise I shall have to ask that my resignation be accepted. I will appreciate a prompt decision, because upon that decision will depend whether I shall

proceed with my itinerary or catch the first steamer for America.

"Regretting that there has been any misunderstanding as to my status in the Institute and hoping that I may have a prompt decision, I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, Agricultural Census Project."

(1926, Oct. Rome. E--2231.

Saturday, Oct.23, clear and hot. Dictated a report to a temporary stenographer sent over by Miss Wallace. Workmen began moving several tons of books and records over to the statistical division, doing the work by hand instead of using a vehicle of some kind. The electric lights were turned on in the afternoon, which was a great relief to me. I began pasting my collection of photographs in chronological order. It was excessively hot. After supper I went to the Apolo Theater on the Via Nazionale, a sort of combination restaurant and music hall. I bought an entrance ticket and one Benedictine for the privilege of sitting at a table which, with tips, cost about $1.60. The "Signoritas alegres" were seated at tables near the walls. For the privilege of their company or of dancing with them a gentleman was expected to buy a bottle of champagne at an exorbitant price. These women and the few men with them, as well as the small company of vaudeville artists, seemed to be affected by the heat, because everything was very listless. It was so dull and stupid that I left within an hour and walked back to the hotel. The only object that attracted my attention en route was the sight of a girl, nearly grown, attending to a call of nature by the sidewalk on which many people were passing.

Sunday, Oct.24, Brilliantly clear and cool, with wind. I spent the forenoon at the office pasting photographs. A gang of laborers came about noon to finish moving material to the statistical division. I walked back through the park and stopped awhile at the Pincio to look across old and modern Rome, the mountains, and the shining sea beyond. After luncheon I took a long nap. I had supper at a restaurant and then called at the Flora Hotel to see Mr.Hobson, but he was out. I had a short visit with Dr. Van Rijn, the Holland delegate, in the hotel lobby. He was a tall, spare, elderly gentleman, very intelligent and hard working, a man of

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distinguished appearance and broad experience, highly respected by all his colleagues, and who spoke English perfectly.

Monday, Oct.25, clear and cool. When I reached the office I found that our messenger had taken French leave and Miss Vanzetti had arranged for the detail of a substitute. Also she had had the vacant room upstairs cleaned. I started Dr.Salto out on a round of visits to various legations for visees to my passport for the countries I was to visit next. At Mr.Hobson's office I was informed that he was moving into apartments he had rented. I drafted some correspondence and read an accumulation of bulletins. Miss Wallace brought in a batch of typewriting and remained in the office until nearly 6 p.m. making corrections.

Tuesday, Oct. 29 (evidently dates mixed), very cool with showers. Mr.Hobson called in the morning, the first opportunity I had to talk with him since my return. We discussed the service order placing the census office in the division of statistics to which I objected. He advised me to see the Secretary General or the President about it, or write the Permanent Committee, and said that he felt sure the President would take advantage of the opportunity to recommend an Italian to take my place. Also he asked me to ~~xxxx~~ prepare a memorandum setting forth the facts, especially with regard to any interference I had already experienced in the conduct of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ census project. .

I had an interview with the Secretary General at 4 p.m. I explained to him that I had accepted the position of director of the project under duress and at great personal and financial sacrifice and then only upon the express stipulation that I should have a free hand, carte blanche, subject only to the approval of the President and the Permanent Committee, and that was the only condition on which I could remain; that stipulation of my employ-

distinguished appearance and broad experience, highly respected by all his colleagues, and who spoke English perfectly.

Monday, Oct.25, clear and cool. When I reached the office I found that our messenger had taken French leave and Miss Vanzetti had arranged for the detail of a substitute. Also she had had the vacant room upstairs cleaned. I started Dr.Salto out on a round of visits to various legations for viases to my passport for the countries I was to visit next. At Mr.Hobson's office I was informed that he was moving into apartments he had rented. I drafted some correspondence and read an accumulation of bulletins. Miss Walace brought in a batch of typewriting and remained in the office until nearly 6 p.m. marking corrections.

Tuesday, Oct. 29 (evidently dates mixed), very cool with showers. Mr.Hobson called in the morning, the first opportunity I had to talk with him since my return. We discussed the service order placing the oenava office in the division of statistics to which I objected. He advised me to see the Secretary General or the President about it, or write the Permanent Committee, and said that he felt sure the President would take advantage of the opportunity to recommend an Italian to take my place. Also he asked me to kmxx prepare a memorandum setting forth the facts, especially with regard to any interference I had already experienced in the conduct of thexxxxxx oenava project.

I had an interview with the Secretary General at 4 p.m. I explained to him that I had accepted the position of director of the project under duress and at great personal and financial sacrifice and then only upon the express stipulation that I should have a free hand, carte blanche, subject only to the approval of the President and the Permanent Committee, and that was the only condition on which I could remain; that stipulation of my employ-

ment had been violated, and unless the order were modified at the earliest practicable date I would feel constrained to resign and the Institute would have to find another man to finish what I had begun with conspicuous success. Mr. Dragoni seemed greatly embarrassed. He suggested that it was perfectly logical and natural that the census project should be attached to the statistical division, that he and other officials of the Institute had never heard of my stipulation for carte blanche and had assumed that I was a subordinate employe of the Institute, and that there had been and would be no interference with my plans. I replied that I fully agreed that the census project logically belonged to the statistical division, but only if it were a permanent project and after it had been reduced to a routine; that it was not a permanent project, but an emergency one in its present stage, and that the work done and to be done was wholly new and of pioneer character, that new questions were constantly arising that had to be decided instantly and that ~~there was~~ no desk man in the Institute or anywhere else unfamiliar with widely different practical conditions in many different countries was competent to decide them. As to interference, I reminded him that Mr.Dore and he had vetoed my plans the previous M January, substituted plans of their own, and only the strenuous efforts of Mr.Thompson and myself had been able to repair the damage. In view of this distressing and wholly unnecessary incident I could ~~cannot~~ take ~~your~~ his assurance that there ~~will~~ would be no interference with my plans in future. Furthermore,while I ~~have~~ had the highest respect for Mr.Dore, I regard ed him as subordinate to me in experience and reputation, and therefore I could ~~cannot~~ consent to serve under his direction. ~~Now,~~ Either that order ~~will~~ would have to be modified in accordance with the terms of my employment contract or I ~~shall~~ should resign. There ~~is~~ was no other alternative, and ~~That is absolute and it~~ it was not open to discussion or argument. How shouold

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I proceed to get a clear cut definite decision, one way or the other. He advised me to write a letter to the President for consideration.

Returning to my office I dictated several letters, including one to the President of the Institute.

Wednesday, October 30, clear and cold. I spent the forenoon drafting letters. Had luncheon with Mr.Hobson and discussed my interview with the Secretary General. We walked back to his office together and looked up the record of my appointment. At my office I dictated a letter to the president which the stenographer returned later in the afternoon.in bad shape. I wished to show the letter to Mr.Hobson, but he was gone and the following day would be a holiday. I spent the rest of the afternoon pasting photographs. On the way to the hotel I stopped for a few minutes at Rosatti's for a glass of beer and to enjoy the spectacle of the Piazza del Popolo. My room was cold and to temper the air I filled the bath tub with hot water.

Thursday, 28th or 30th of Oct., partly cloudy and cold. This was a holiday, the 4th aniversary of the triumphant march on Rome of Mussolini and his Facisti. The streets were full of marching processions and military bands, and many addresses were made by Mussolini and his assistants in various parts of the city. I slept late, had a hard roll and a cup of coffee for breakfast, and went to the office where I could be quiet. I checked up my expense account, revised the letter to the president of the Institute, and continued pasting photographs taken on my last trip. When I finished I found that I had 60 pages with from three to eight photographs on each page. At 4 p.m. I left the office and stopped at Rosatti's for a drink and to watch the passing show. I noted the boot black across the street at the foot of the cathedral steps. He was an old man

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with white hair, but spry, wearing a jaunty cap, and with an air of dignified proprietorship and prosperity. Clearly he took pride in polishing shoes in a workmanlike and artisitic manner and many friends and acquaintances stopped to watch him at his work and to converse with him. He was busy, he was occupied,he liked his work, he was making a living, he was a master workman, an artist, he was in the midst of one of the most interesting and historic spots in the world, he had many friends and acquaintances ~~who stopped to talk with him~~, and, on the whole, seemed to be happier than most business and professional men I had met. Verily all things are relative, and in his little lowly world he was a success, and he was contented with his lot--or seemed so. What more could any man ask?

In a recess of the cathedral on the platform was the old peasant woman--may be his wife--stout, matronly, and smiling, with her basket of sweetmeats that were as attractive to the children of the neighborhood as honey is to bees. Near by was her son, a boy of about ten years, apparently somewhat abnormal and deficient mentally, but the apple of her eye. From time to time he would sidle up to his mother, with pretended affection if she were awake, and if she was asleep he would thrust his hand into the basket and with a handfull of booty quickly make his escape. Sometimes she would catch him in the act; at other times she would wake up with a start, realize that she had been robbed, and hastily look about the piazza for her offspring, to the interested amusement of the spectators; and if she succeeded in catching the culprit, which was seldom, there would be a hearty flow of vigorous and expressive Italian, some cuffs about the ears, and he would be made to sit at her side and do penance. Sometimes the penance took the form of being cleaned up and made presentable. With a handkerchief and a

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bottle of water from the fountain she would proceed to scrub his face, neck, and ears, his knees, legs, and shoes, with fierce industry, while he protested in the Italian equivalent of "Ow, Ow, Ma, that hurts; ow, ow, if I get away this time I'll never come back; ow, ow, that hurts." Always she was inexorable and continued to the bitter end until her offspring was duly and properly polished off and presentable. Then she would sit back with a sigh of relief, and the youngster would sit at her side proud of his presentable appearance. This exhibition of domestic life was held in the open, was quite as entertaining as a dramatic performance because it was so natural, and was enjoyed by all who saw it.

Another ~~pity~~ pretty sight was that of a young mother sitting on a pedestal of one of the great columns of the cathedral and nursing a plump little baby. Another child, less than two years old and playful as a kitten, rode astride of one of her knees. Then there were two little girls of about ten years old and well dressed playing hide and seek among the columns.

I walked back to the hotel through side streets and alleys in order to avoid the crowds and the annoyance of watching out for bands and national colors and the necessity of constantly removing my hat. These bands came along in such regular succession and so close together that it meant keeping one's hat off most of the time. If the foreigner failed to take note of the colors or inadvertently failed to salute them by removing his hat he would be immediately surrounded by a group of hoodlums out for patriotic sport. Sometimes I would have a little sport myself, pretending not to understand a word of Italian, and when in desperation at their inability to make me understand that my hat should come off I would imitate their gestures, pointing at their heads when they pointed at mine and at the colors when they pointed at them. On these occasions

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I was always careful to keep smiling, because nothing so completely disarms an Italian as a smile; and to pretend that it was some kind of a game that I did not understand but was quite willing to play. It was amusing to see the look of mystification, doubt and uncertainty on their faces at a situation entirely new to them. Usually the experiments with young Facisti ended by an adult bystander telling me politely that I was expected to remove my hat when the national colors passed by. I would, of course, thank him and with an ostentatious show of pleasure promptly remove my hat. It was a great nuisance, this river of marching Facisti that flowed through the Corso and all the nearby side streets from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza de Venezzia, each company with its band and colors, each regiment with a group of standard bearers, and isolated groups of standard bearers plowing their way through the crowds on the narrow sidewalks, so that often while the hapless foreigner was keeping his eyes open for company and regimental colors in the stret one of these isolated groups would steal upon him from behind and he would be reminded to remove his offending hat. Really it seemed at times that all Rome was out to display the national colors, and the younger half of Rome was busy spying out foreigners and seeing to it that they removed their hats. This time I reached my hotel by making a great detour that took me along the Tiber for half a mile and back to the hotel from the rear; and even so I ran into several marching regiments.

I had supper at a restaurant that was badly crowded, and on the way back stopped in the Piazza de Colona and watched some motion pictures thrown on the wall of a large public building. They were mostly pictures depicting Italy's industrial life and progress, military and naval prowess, with Il Duce always as the central figure.

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(1926, Oct.Rome. E--2238.

Friday, Oct.29, fair and warm, with wind strong enough to bring down the locust pods and twigs. I saw Mr.Hobson, who approved of my draft of a letter to the President of the Institute. I had it recopied and sent over. Began drafting a statement for Mr.Hobson relative to friction with some of the officials of the Institute. I had a pleasant call from Señor Ballesteros, who later became permanent delegate from Mexico, and who had visited many countries, including the United States, and who assured me of the complete cooperation of his country in the proposed census. I started Miss Vanzetti to making a list of the names and titles of officials I should meet on my forthcoming trip. Incidentally she told me many things about the gossip floating about the Institute, to which I listended with some misgivings but in order to better understand the situation of the Institute. Also she wore a very pretty jacket which I admired because of its bright but harmonizing colors. She seemed pleased, because she said she had made it herself, as well as all the dresses she wore.

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"Roma, 29 October 1926.

"Mr. De Michelis,
"President,
"International Institute of Agriculture,
"Rome.

"Dear Mr. President:

"In order to avoid future misunderstanding I wish to have a definite decision from the Permanent Committee of the Institute as to my relation, and the relation of the Census Project of which I am in charge, to the Bureau of Statistics.

"Upon my return from a very successful tour of Europe on behalf of the Institute in connection with the Census Project my attention was called to Service Order No. 18,884, in which I saw for the first time that the census project is listed as a part of the Bureau of Statistics. Upon consultation with the Secretary General I was advised that it had been the understanding of the Permanent Committee and of the officials of the Institute from the beginning that the Census Project was, and is now, a part of the Statistical Bureau. This is entirely contrary to my previous understanding.

"The basis of my understanding may be stated as follows:

"1. My public & service extended over a period of thirty-three years, most of the time in connection with constructive organization and reorganization work. During the last twenty-one years it has been both administrative and constructive.. During the last thirteen years, especially, I have been in charge of many diverse and important projects for every one of which I have stipulated that I be given full authority and discretion--carte blanche--within the limits of the law and regulations, and be responsible only to the head of the ministry as the only condition on which I would accept responsibility for the project and promise success. On no other condition could I, or can I, accept employment in any organization.

"2. When I returned to Washington in December, 1924, after a very successful and important mission to South America, it was with the intention of remaining in the public service only long enough to complete a bulletin setting forth my observations on Argentina and Paraguay. When, therefore, I was asked by the Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics to consider taking the direction and organization of the World Agricultural Census Project for the International Institute of Agriculture I promptly refused because it meant an entire change of my plans and a considerable financial and personal sacrifice. However, my desire to see the Census Project succeed, to contribute to its ¢ value, utility, and popularity of the service of the Institute, and to comply with the urgent wishes of friends and colleagues, induced me later to consent to make the necessary sacrifice. On January 30, 1925, I wrote a memorandum to the Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, who was in charge of the matter in Washington, in which, after referring to an urgent cablegram received the day before from the American Delegate, Mr. Hobson, I said:

" x x x 'I have to advise you that I will accept the offer and undertake the contemplated work <u>on the understanding</u>:'

" x x x '(4) That I shall have the title of Director and be recognized as the leader in the census work of the Institute.

"'(5) <u>That I shall have a free hand subject to the instructions and approval of the Permanent Committee and the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture</u>.'

"(Other stipulations in the memorandum related to salary, technical and clerical assistance, office space and equipment, time of entering on duty, and so forth.).

"'I make this stipulation in the interest of the successful conduct of the project, and because my acceptance will necessarily

involve some sacrifice on my part. If this understanding is correct and agreeable I would suggest that Mr.Hobson be notified.' x x x.

"A copy of this memorandum was sent to the American Delegate at Rome and in the course of time a reply was received from him dated March 4, 1925, to the effect that

"'There is nothing in this memorandum which conflicts with the conditions surrounding the position of Director of the Census as outlined by the Permanent Committee. ' x x x.

"It was on the foregoing understanding that I accepted the appointment and have served in the Institute since April, 1925. It is the only basis on which I can continue to serve satisfactorily, viz:

"'That I have a free hand subject to the instructions and approval of the Permanent Committee and the General Assembly,' which, of course, are represented by the President and the General Secretary.

"Any other arrangement will inevitably lead to continued misunderstandings, unnecessary friction, and interference with the success of the project.

"I appreciate the close relations that should exist between the Census Project and the Statistical Bureau, the interest which the Chief of the Bureau naturally takes in the progress of the Census Project, and the degree of cooperation that is necessary between the Director of the Project and the Chief of the Bureau. I came to the Institute fully prepared to give the best cooperation in my power, and expecting the same degree of cooperation in return. As the Director of a separate service, small, but highly important because of its farreaching results, I can with pleasure cooperate with the Chief of the Statistical Bureau; but not as a

part of the Statistical Bureau or in any way subordinate to the Chief of that Bureau.

"In order, therefore, to make the situation entirely clear and avoid causes of misunderstanding in the future, I respectfully ask that, during the remainder of the period of the preparatory work for which I am engaged, namely, until 1930, and while the project is yet in process of organization, it be considered a separate service, the same as the proposed special service for sylviculture; and that the Director be responsible only to the Permanent Committee as represented by the President and by the General Secretary; with the understanding, of course, that there shall always be a close cooperation between the Project and the Statistical Bureau.

"After the period of organization is completed and the Project becomes routine in character, which it is not now and cannot be until 1930, it will be entirely logical and proper for the Statistical Bureau to take over the Census Project as a constituent part of its organization. In my judgment it would be a serious mistake to incorporate the Census Project with the Statistical Bureau before the necessary work of organization is completed.

"I hope that I have made my position clear, and that I may have an early decision. Upon that decision will depend my future course.

"Very respectfully yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"(Director of the World Agricultural Census Project)

(1926, Oct. Rome. E--2239.

Saturday, Oct.30?, warm with high winds. Because my office, under the recent official order to which I objected, was subordinate to the Statistical Division, I ~~xxxx~~ routed my letter of protest to the President through the chief of the Statistical Division and the Secretary General. Also I sent over my expense account to the auditing section. I spent some time writing legends to my book of photographs. Again I began to feel dissatisfied with the food obtained at any but the best ~~highest class~~ hotels in Rome. The Italian bread is practically all in the form of rolls that are baked so hard that it is almost impossible to break through the crust with anything less than a hammer and chisel. The crust is nearly a quarter of an inch thick and the inside is often hollow. Meats were usually fibrous and tough, fish either boiled or cooked in olive oil, vegetables limited in variety and poor in quality, and if cooked it would be in olive oil, tomatoes small, irregular in shape, hard and half green; steak would be half cooked and swimming in olive oil. I tried different parts of menus and different restaurants, but it was always the same, cast-iron rolls and meats and vegetables cooked in olive oil. I knew as well as anybody that olive oil is a mild, colorless, tasteless, vegetable oil, mildly laxative and nutritious, good internally and externally, prescribed by physicians, and whole populations about the Mediterranean thrive on it; but in spite of reason, will power, and abundant evidence staring me in the face I suffered disgust and nausea, followed by immediate purgative effects, precisely the same as with castor oil. And yet most of my friends and acquaintances said they liked olive oil, which to me was incredible; and yet I could see a look of incredulity on their faces when I said that so far as I was concerned there was no difference between olive oil and castor oil. Somehow the mention of castor oil seemed to cause them as much dis-

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gust as the thought of olive oil did me. I always took great delight in reminding them that castor oil was also a vegetable oil, colorless, odorless, and tasteless, good for external and internal use, ~~highly nutritious because it was of vegetable origin~~, and no doubt nutritious, and that I had read that it was used as a favorite condiment in China. Well, this oil question is of minor importance in connection with food in the United States and many other countries, but it becomes of very great importance in the Mediterranean countries where it takes the place of lard and butter and everything is cooked in it and there is no escape from it for the few abnormal individuals like myself who are devastated, ~~and~~ desolated/by it. and prostrated

I know of no more disgusting sight at the table than a spaghetti enthusiast, forking the cereal--which always reminds me of angle worms,-dripping and slimy with olive oil into his mouth, with two to four inches of the mass hanging downwards in full view, dripping and wriggling, while he tries to bite off the part within his mounth. Reasoning about the matter the explanation seems to be this: The Mediterranean countries have a semiarid climate which makes a dairy industry precarious or impracticable; the slopes of their mountains are covered with olive trees and vineyards,which are very productive and afford superabundant supplies of cheap and good wine and olive oil. Wine is consumed universally, as it should be. Wine is acid and induces a condition that needs a mild laxative to counteract it. Olive oil is ideal for that purpose, and being abundant and cheap is used universally as a substitute for dairy products. Through centuries of use olive oil has become a necessity to the Mediterranean populations and they prefer it to dairy products.

I can therefore sympathize with them, understand their situation, and forgive them; but I can think of no reasonable excuse for or explanation of why any self-respecting American ~~can~~ should go into exstacies

great as the thought of olive oil did me. I always took great delight in reminding them that castor oil was also a vegetable oil, colorless, odorless, and tasteless, good for external and internal use, highly nutritious because it was of vegetable origin, and no doubt nutritious, and that I had read that it was used as a favorite condiment in China. Well, this oil question is of minor importance in connection with food in the United States and many other countries, but it becomes of very great importance in the Mediterranean countries where it takes the place of lard and butter and everything is cooked in it and there is no escape from it for the few abnormal and prostrated individuals like myself who are devastated, and desolated/by it.

I know of no more disgusting sight at the table than a spaghetti entwusiast, forking the cereal--which always reminds me of angle worms,--dripping and slimy with olive oil into his mouth, with two to four inches of the mess hanging downwards in full view, dripping and wriggling, while he tries to bite off the part within his mouth. Reasoning about the matter the explanation seems to be this: The Mediterranean countries have a semiarid climate which makes a dairy industry precarious or impracticable; the slopes of their mountains are covered with olive trees and vineyards,which are very productive and afford superabundant supplies of cheap and good wine and olive oil. Wine is consumed universally, as it should be. Wine is acid and induces a condition that needs a mild laxative to counteract it. Olive oil is ideal for that purpose, and being abundant and cheap is used universally as a substitute for dairy products. Through centuries of use olive oil has become a necessity to the Mediterranean populations and they prefer it to dairy products. I can therefore sympathize with them, understand their situation, and forgive them; but I can think of no reasonable excuse for or explanation of why any self-respecting American can go into exstacies

over a plate of spaghetti angleworms dripping in olive oil and making a swinish spectacle of himself white gorging it. While I am on the subject and for the benefit of many Americans I would point out that the alleged Italian cooking in the restaurants of the United States and on the transAtlantic steamers is wholly spurious, ~~and~~ a fraud and a swindle--because the real thing would not be tolerated. The secret of it is that butter is substituted for olive oil and the angleworms are cut up with knife and fork so that the lovely spaghetti and maccaroni can be eaten in self-respecting fashion. But it must be understood that this is a concession to American tastes and prejudices and most emphatically is not Italian cooking, and the Americans who rave about it simply expose their ignorance. I have on several occasions observed with some degree of satisfaction the look of wan unhappiness on the faces of some of these cocksure enthusiasts when they encountered the real, genuine articles in Italian restaurants. Only in the first class, high priced hotels that cater to tourists in Italy can one obtain food comparable with that in America and northern Europe, but their prices are too high for a man on salary. Each time I came to Rome and had to forage about in the medium priced restaurants I was dissatisfied with the fare, ~~with~~ had a feeling of disappointment three times a day, and steadily lost weight. It was the more aggravating because they have the materials, but spoil them with olive oil--at least for me. De gustibus non est disputandem.

Sunday, Oct.31, cloudy and hot. I spent the forenoon at the office reading the morning papers and finished writing legends for the collection of photographs. En route I met the young Milanese woman who had claimed previous acquaintance. She was very amiable and proposed first an outing together, and then an appointment to

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meet her in the evening at her apartment. I assured her that both proposals were very attractive, but I must decline them because I had work to do and it was simply impossible, ~~and~~ she seemed much disappointed, but kept smiling. I certainly admired her courage and good humor and cheerfulness.

Upon returning to my room I changed to the lightest summer wear because of the heat. After luncheon I returned to the office to read. The door with frosted glass window in upper half was propped open with a wooden wedge. The wind was coming in gusts. I heard a slight noise, looked up, saw that the door was moving shut, and sprang to it with my hand held out to keep it from slamming. The door came so suddenly and with such force that my hand went completely through the glass, it slammed, and the rest of the glass was shattered and flew in all directions. It was all over in a second. One of the fragments cut a slit down the middle of my nose. One of my wrists was cut deeply and the blood spurted out on the floor. The floor was covered with fragments of glass and spattered with blood. I got out my handkerchief and went down into the basement to try to stop the flow of blood at the washstand, and was partially successful. Fortunately I had a wad of cotton in my pocket that I carried for emergencies in case of nosebleed, to which I was subject. This plastered over the cuts helped to stop the flow of blood. I was in a quandary because I had accepted an invitation to take tea with the Hobsons at 4 p.m. Their telephone was not yet installed and I could not cancel the engagement. I had not time to return to the hotel for a clean handkerchief, nor was there any messenger available to send word to the Hobsons. I decided that inasmuch as they were Americans and good friends I could trust their good sense to excuse my ruffled appearance, so I kept the appointment.

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I took a taxi and after some difficulty found their apartment. It was spacious and attractive. They were all well but much dissatisfied with life in Europe, and especially in Rome, and desirous of returning to the United States. Their large, middle aged, servant "Annie" was with them again. I enjoyed my visit with them and sympathized with their desire to return to the home country.

At the hotel after supper I drafted letters to ~~to~~ the family and to Regina dei Cuore. ~~See Nov.1. Apparently the second letter was never transcribed.~~

Monday, Nov.1, clear and hot. After a cast-iron roll and some indelible ink coffee, all that could be obtained for breakfast at the hotel, I ~~xxxx~~ wrote a letter to mother, and then took a walk through the back alley streets of old Rome, around the old Theater Maximus, to the street market nearby, an open market supplied with local products, such as vegetables, flowers, and fruits, with booths filled with the cheapeast of manufactured articles, both buyers and sellers being of the peasant type. The place was crowded with people and swarming with dirty children. I made my way through the crowded narrow streets back by the Forum, Capotaline Hill, tried to find the Tarpeian Rock, and across to the Piazza Venezia, where I sat at a sidewalk table and had a vermouth and a smoke and with interest watched the people in holiday attire, various processions to the Victor Emmanuel monument, tourists, excursionists from the provinces, and the gay attire of the local feminine gender.. Shortly after noon I walked up the Corso to the Ristorante San Carlo for luncheon. The place was crowded. After luncheon I waited a good half hour for a waiter to accept settlement for my bill, and then got impatient and left without paying it. Then I continued my walk to the office, where I arranged the typewritten lists of officials to be interviewed by countries so that when I came to Madrid, for

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example, I would know the names and titles of the officials whom I should see. This, of course, was in addition to another set of data I had collected for each country showing its total area and population, principal cities, rivers, and mountains, and the area and production of principal crops, imports and exports, so that when I interviewed the responsible officials I would know something about their statistical and agricultural background. Next I took a long walk along the banks of the historic Tiber. On leaving the hotel after supper for a stroll I found the streets full of marching soldiers and bands. To avoid embarrassment from the attentions of officious youngsters I carried my hat in my hand and walked about bareheaded--in honor of the Facist regime. Personally, because of this annoying custom of watching out for national colors and removing my hat on sight of them, I damned the regime.

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(1926, Nov.Rome. ~~E 2245. 2381~~

Tuesday, Nov.2, warm, with heavy rain in the afternoon. Holida in the afternoon. In the forenoon I dictated a long memorandum for the use of Mr.Hobson regarding the history of the census project and my connection with it, the progress so far made, and the interference of the chief of the statistical division and the secretary general the previous December and January. I asked Dr.Salto to compile certain data with respect to the countries about the Mediterranean I was about to visit. Had luncheon with Mr.Hobson. Returned to the office in the afternoon and began working out the details of my itinerary. Miss Vanzetti remained also, saying it was pleasanter in the office than anywhere she could go. It began to rain. At 4 p.m. the electric lights went out. Miss Vanzetti left when I did and we stopped at Rosatti's for tea together. I protected her with my umbrella to a tram car which she said would take her within half a square of her apartment. Then I plodded through the rain to my hotel where I changed to dry clothing.

Wednesday, Nov.3, clear and cool. I revised the statement for Mr.Hobsom,checking each statement and item against my records. Mrs.Sauter (my former secretary, Miss Broad) called at noon and was much interested in looking over the photographs I had taken during the summer. Had luncheon with Mr.Hobson..

Returning to the office I met Dr.Van Rijn in the park who brought up the subject of the difference that had developed over the decree placing the census project under the division of statistics. This gave me an excellent opportunity to explain to him and through him to the Permanent Committee my reasons for objecting to what might otherwise seem a perfectly natural and logical arrangement. I told him that the only condition on which I could consent to continue to be responsible for the success of the census project was absolute freedom to act and decide when out of touch with the

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Permanent Committee, that I could not consent to serve under or have my well considered plans upset by a desk subordinate, that I was remaining with the Institute at a considerable personal and financial sacrifice, and would welcome the opportunity to relinquish my position to any one whom the Permanent Committee might select so that I could return to my family and business interests in the United States. I also reminded him that before accepting the apointment I had stipulated in writing that I should be free ~~ad~~ and independent and have ća"carte blanche." He said that the Permanent Committee and the officials of the Institute had never before heard of that stipulation. I replied that it was up to Mr.Hobson to explain, because I had either the originals or copies of the correspondence in my files which I would be ~~g~~ glad to submit to the inspection of the Permanent Committee. He said are you sure." I replied, "There is no question about being sure. Just come into my office and I will show you." He said that it was not necessary. I replied, "Dr.Van Rijn, if what you say is true, and I do not doubt it, the wonder is that there has not been more friction than ~~there had been~~ has occurred; I think it speaks highly of my desire to cooperate and of the gentlemanly courtesy of the officials of the Institute; because I came here with the idea that it was part of my employment contract that I should be absolutely free and independent in planning,developing, and carrying to a successful conclusion this agricultural census for which I was made responsible; the officials of the Institute thought I was a subordinate and subject to their direction. It's all an unfortunate misunderstanding for which my friend, Mr.Hobson, is solely responsible because he did not bring my stipulation to the attention of the Permanent Committee and the other officials of the Institute. We have all been acting in good faith, and I sincerely sympathize and fully

Permanent Committee, that I could not consent to serve under or have my well considered plans upset by a desk subordinate, that I was remaining with the Institute at a considerable personal and financial sacrifice, and would welcome the opportunity to relinquish my position to any one whom the Permanent Committee might see fit so that I could return to my family and business interests in the United States. I also reminded him that before accepting the appointment I had stipulated in writing that I should be free and independent and have de"carte blanche." He said that the Permanent Committee and the officials of the Institute had never before heard of that stipulation. I replied that it was up to Mr.Hobson to explain, because I had either the originals or copies of the correspondence in my files which I would be glad to submit to the inspection of the Permanent Committee. He said are you sure." I replied, "There is no question about being sure. Just come into my office and I will show you." He said that it was not necessary. I replied, "Dr.Van Rijn, if what you say is true, and I do not doubt it, the wonder is that there has not been more friction than there has been; I think it speaks highly of my desire to cooperate and of the gentlemanly courtesy of the officials of the Institute; because I came here with the idea that it was part of my employment contract that I should be absolutely free and independent in planning,developing, and carrying to a successful conclusion this agricultural census for which I was made responsible; the officials of the Institute thought I was a subordinate and subject to their direction. It's all an unfortunate misunderstanding for which my friend, Mr.Hobson, is solely responsible because he did not bring my stipulation to the attention of the Permanent Committee and the other officials of the Institute. We have all been acting in good faith, and I sincerely sympathize and fully

understand their situation. The time has come to completely clear up that misunderstanding. But, the essential thing is the success of the census project. I think it is essential to the success of that project that you have a man in which the Permanent Committee has absolute confidence. If I have not that absolute confidence and backing, the sooner I am relieved the better for the project, and incidentally for me. But get some one in whom you have confidence, no matter who he is or of what nationality. It is essential to the success of the project that the man who has the confidence of the Permanent Committee shall have an absolute free hand to work out his itineraries in accordance with train and steamship schedules, and that he be free to decide instantly and without reference to the Institute at Rome questions that arise as to the application of the Institute's adopted census schedule in countries where conditions are wholly different from those in Italy and other countries in Europe; for example in tropical Java andSumatra. No desk man in Rome can visualize those conditions. Whoever you get to carry on the propaganda for the universal agricultural census of 1930 must, to succeed, have the utmost freedom of action. With absolute freedom of action any intelligent, competent statistician who understands the fundamentals of agriculture and has a modicum of common sense can succeed; but without it he will surely fail, because no desk man placed in charge of the project in Rome can possibly visualize practical conditions wholly beyond his imagination." "Do you mean to say that unless the order in question is modified as you have indicated you will resign" he asked. "I mean exactly that," I replied, "I propose to continue my itinerary as planned and as if that order had never been issued, because time presses. If a decision is rendered by the Permanent Committee in favor of my contention I will continue my itinerary and win the acquiescence,

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the good will, and the promised cooperation of the responsible officials of the various governments, just as I have done in the past few months; but if the decision is adverse I shall take the first steamer back to America, and I already have the sailing dates." He thanked me for this frank statement and walked thoughtfully away.

At the office I found Mr. Hodgson awaiting me. He had just returned from the United States, his trip being financed by the Italian government, because he went over expressly to protest to the American Legion against the restrictions of the American Government on Italian ex-soldiers who left the United States to serve in the war, had remained in Italy beyond a two-year limit, and now wished to reenter the United States. I began dictating a report on a small number of candidates for the position of assistant director of the census project. Learned that the following day was another holiday in celebration of the taking of Triest. The streets were full of marching columns. Mr.Hobson said he had seen the American Consul who told him that relations between the American and Italian governments were becoming strained, that there was much antagonism to American officials in Rome, and that it would be well if he kept away from Rome for awhile. He said further that if anything should happen to Mussolini there would probably be a violent outbreak by his fanatical followers and a massacre of foreigners, especially Americans and English. To me this seemed utterly absurd, but Mr. Hobson was quite serious.

Thursday, Nov.4, cloudy, showers, and warm. A holiday with the streets full of marching soldiers, bands playing, flags flying, crowds of spectators, and all places decorated with the national colors. It was rather tiresome trying to dodge the marching columns which seemed to be on many different streets simultaneously,which involved the necessity of removing one's hat and standing at atten-

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tion while the colors passed every minute or so.

After a late breakfast I made my way to the office. At 2 p.m. Mr.Hobson came by and together we went out for luncheon. He was greatly exercised at a statement in the annual report of the Secretary General to the effect that the United States had agreed to the new system of financing which, if true, would give the Institute authority to assess the United States for extra payments. At the office I drafted letters to the Secretary General and to Mr. Thompson, British delegate ad interim. I stopped at Rosatti's for a cup of tea and was reminded by the waiter that four days previously I had walked out without paying, which showed that I was becoming absent minded. At my room I had a nap and then typewrote a letter to the Queen of Hearts that I had drafted several days before but had not felt in the humor ø to trabscribe.

At 7.45 p.m. I walked to the Ristaurante Ulpia where I was soon joined by Mr.and Mrs.Sauter (my former secretary). We had a nice supper and sat in the Via Sacra room below until 11.30, listening to attractive music and sipping wine. Mr.Sauter was a genial elderly gentleman, a professional artist, cultured, widely traveled, who had met many distinguished public men in the course of his long artistic career. We had a very enjoyable evening together.

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(1926, Nov. Rome. E--2250.

Friday, Nov.5, showers. At the office I dictated letters to the Secretary General, Mr.Thompson of London, and Mr.Olsen of our Bureau at Washington. Had luncheon with Mr.Hobson. Also had an interview with Dr.Van Rijn regarding the status of the census project and found him very friendly. Miss Vanzetti was very frank in discussing the unsettled situation in Rome, the supression of newspapers, the fact that all adverse criticism of the government or of government officials was dangerous, and that many crimes were committed without any mention of them in the press.

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"Roma, 5 November Ø 1926.

"Mr.Carlo Dragoni,
"Secretary General,
"International Institute of Agriculture,
"Rome.

"Dear Mr.Dragoni:

"When I returned to Rome on October 18 I had expected to leave not later than November 1, but my departure has been delayed in order to obtain decisions on two questions, namely:

"(1) The appointment of an Assistant Director of the Census Project, and

"(2) The independent status of the Census Project.

"A report on the first question has been delayed awaiting a letter from one of the candidates, but will be submitted not later than Monday, the 8th.

"I hope that a decision on the second question, the independent status of the Census Project, will be reached by the Permanent Committee at its meeting on the 9th (Tuesday). If the decision is to the effect that the Census Project is a separate and independent service responsible only to the Permanent Committee as represented by its President and the Secretary General, I will continue the work I have undertaken; if not, it will be necessary for the Institute immediately to find a new Director for the Census Project.

"Because of the physical difficulty of visiting all the important agricultural countries of the world and the time required, every day spent in Rome is lost to the Project, and to me is a personal loss. I therefore urge the necessity for prompt action on the question of status.

"Assuming that the question will be decided satisfactorily on the 9th I am planning to leave Rome on the 12th or 13th to visit the following points:

Madrid.....Nov.15--19

Lisbon..... " 20--24

Rabat and Fez.....Dec. 1---5

Algiers..... " 7--10

Tunis..... " 12--15

Tripoli..... " 18--21

Bengasi....." 22--24

Cairo....." 28-Jan.5

Jerusalem.....Jan. 7--10

Beirut..... " 11--13

Albania..... " 17--20

Rome..... " 23.

"If the decision of the Permanent Committee is adverse the foregoing itinerary will be cancelled and I will return immediately to the United States. If no decision is reached regarding the status of the Census Project at the meeting on the 9th I will proceed to Madrid and Lisbon where I will expect to be notified by telegraph of the decision of the Permanent Committee not later than November 24. Otherwise I will then cancel the remainder of the itinerary and return to Rome. In other words, I wish to avoid loss of time, but will not leave Europe until the question of the status of the project is definitely settled.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"(Director of the World Agricultural Census Project.)"

Saturday, Nov.6, clear and cool. Wrote some letters and had luncheon with Mr.Hobson. He said he had looked over the memorandum I had submitted and was prepared to insist that the Permanent Committee give a prompt decision, either to the effect that the census project be considered as a separate and independent unit as in the past, or that ~~I~~ it must be understood that I would resign. We stopped at the Flora Hotel to see Mr.Haas of the Washington Bureau, but he was out. We left cards with an invitation to take supper with us. I spent the afternoon studying Egyptian history.

In the evening I went to the Flora Hotel and was soon joined by Mr.Hobson. We had to wait for Mr.Haas and Mr.Nicholson, who was with him to come down, because the messenger told them we were in evening clothes and they thought they had to change. Together we went to the Ulpia and had a very pleasant evening. No other restaurant in Rome is so unique and representative of the old city or so interesting in itself. Also the food was excellent and the music pleasing. It was also a pleasure to introduce Americans to it and witness their surprise and pleasure, and the look in their faces as if they were thinking, "I am really seeing something of old Rome that I shall always remember."

Sunday, Nov.7, clear and bright forenoon, with heavy rain in the ~~afternoon~~ evening. I slept late and had luncheon at the San Carlo. I spent part of the afternoon at the office reading a history of Egyptian agriculture, and had tea at Rosatti's. At the hotel I read a tourist pamphlet describing Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco. At 7.30 p.m. I started to walk to a restaurant and was caught in a heavy downpour of rain, as were thousands of others. who clustered in doorways and other places for shelter. The rain was so unexpected that not a single umbrella was to be seen. The afternoon theater performances were just over and the theater en-

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trances were choked with well dressed people who hesitated to venture into the deluge. I had a fairly satisfactory supper at the San Carlo. I became interested in watching a party at the adjoining table,a party consisting of two gentlemen, one Italian and the other apparently Jewish, and a beautiful Syrian woman with a most expressive countenance. The gentlemen did most of the talking,rapidly but in a soothing tone of voice as if they were trying to reassure the lady. The expression on her face was one of great distress. I could only surmise that they were discussing a coming separation.

This was one of the few days and rare occasions when I felt lonely, probably because I had no books to read and knew of no p place where I could hear some good music except at the Ulpia, and that was too expensive to visit very often. I was tired of walking and writing . There was no place of amusement to visit. The best I could do in the circustances was to return to my cubbyhole of a room, sit in the one straigh back chair and play some phonograph records and think of the scenes associated with them.

Tuesday, Nov.9, clear and warm, following rain all night. Started my assistants to abstracting my reports of statistical and crop reporting organizations and methods in the countries I had visited. Obtained some books from the library on Spain, Portugal, Egypt, and Albania, and began to read them. Mr.Hobson said he had sent for the Secretary General and demanded to know why the census matter was not included in the agenda for the meeting in the afternoon of the Permanent Committee. The Secretary General said that there had been insufficient time, but it would make no difference because the meeting would be postponed until Saturday and the question would come up for discussion then. I received a short letter from the President of the Institute

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acknowledging receipt of my letter and saying that he felt sure that my "precious services" could be retained. Mr. Longobardi came over in the forenoon and described the efforts of the Italian government to expropriate and subdivide large holdings of land, especially in the vicinity of Rome. He said the land was expropriated and surveyed, but no agreement could be reached with the owners as to compensation. A committee of arbitration was set up and the committee proceeded to set such a high and fictitious value on the land that the whole scheme had been abandoned. At the American Express office I ascertained times of departure from Rome and arrival at Madrid of trains and connections between the two cities. I made a reservation for Friday evening.

Wednesday, Nov.10. Unsettled weather. Dictated some letters and an abstract of my bulletin on Argentina for "Biological Abstracts" of the University of Pennsylvania, and instructions for Dr.Salto's guidance during my coming absence. . Lunched with Mr. Hobson and the subject of religion came up for discussion. We were both agreed that religion is not objective, but is subjective, and therefore means nothing except to the individual who has faith. Carried to the hotel some material to take with me on the coming trip.

(Look up shorthand notes of letters to the children and wife of Nov.10. Copies are not in typewritten file. If dictated, they will not be included in my file of shorthand notes.) (Cannot find

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(1926, Nov. Rome. E--2254.

Thursday, Nov.11. Clear and warm. Another holiday, anniversary of the King's birthday, but following so closely the series of celebrations of the Fascisti it was rather tame and very quiet, about like Sunday except that many shops were open and many people were at their usual work. At the American Express I arranged for travel checks and transportation to Madrid. At the office I found that Dr.Salto had been working at the Spanish translation of the census program. Had luncheon with Mr.Hobson and we agreed that the allotment of funds to the census project and the employes of the office should be under my complete control. Left an order with Cook's to put my trunks in storage. Purchased a supply of cigars, and at the hotel packed up.

Friday, Nov.12, cloudy and warm. Dictated a letter to Mr. Hobson regarding the funds alloted to the census project, inclosed a copy of my itinerary, wrote a letter to mother, and then called on the Secretary General, I told him that I would expect favorable action upon my request for modification of the service order to which I objected by the time I reached Lisbon and from thence would proceed with my itinerary; otherwise, I would not wait, and probably would not return to Rome, but engage passage direct to New York. He asked me to postpone my trip until after the meeting of the PermaN nent Committee, but I said that was not necessary because I had already stated my views on the subject in writing and could add nothing important, and it was ~~impork~~ essential to the success of the project that I keep moving without unnecessary delays. I made the rounds of the various offices to say "au revoir" to the chiefs and friends, and left the office shortly after 4 p.m. After a light supper I went to the railway station and was installed in a compartment at 7.45 p.m.

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Saturday, Nov.13, raining and cold. We reached Genoa at 6 a.m.where I had to change cars. I put on a heavy woolen jacket because of the cold. Had a light breakfast at the station restaurant. The train left at 7.35 a.m. Just outside of Genoa we passed s shipyard full of long narrow ships. The hills come down to the seashore and are covered with terraced olive orchards. Below the orchards were some fine gardens. We reached San Lorenzo at 11 a.m. with sun and sea shining, morning glories in bloom, and terraced vineyards and olive orchards higher up. There were many patches of bright carnations grown for commersial purposes, the flower stems being supported by rows of sticks with string intertwined. All the gardens along the coast seemed to be under irrigation. The railway follows the coast all the way from Genoa to Marseilles, and affords a marvellous spectacle of shining blue sea on one side, terraced vineclad hills and mountains on the other, with innumerable picturesque bright villages and towns spaced along at short intervals, and occasional glimpses of old castles, monasteries, and hill towns on peaks back in the mountains. Bordeghera is xx a pretty place with gardens and villas overlooking the sea. We were held up nearly two hours at Ventimilla on the Italian side of the border where papers and baggage were examined, and reached Mentone on the French side at 2.10 p.m.where a similar examination was made by the French officials. Mentone is a small place of winter resort hotels, with park, beach promenade, and a small railway station.

Soon after leaving Mentone the train passed Monte Carlo, Monacco, both so high up on a stone cliff that little could be seen of them from the coach window. Then came Benshein sur Mer, neat and trim, with lemon and fig orchards about it; Nice at 3=05 p.m., with mountains on one side and the sea on the other; Cannes at 4.10 p.m., the center of an almost continuous line of villas, villages,

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and premenades along the beach. About a mile out from the beach could be seen a small island with an old castle on it. West of Cannes the rocks and earth are a rich red in color. The red rocks make a pretty contrast with the deep blue of the sea with the white surf beating on and over them on the shore.

For two or three hours after leaving Cannes the train passed through hills and low mountains with an occasional flat valley covered with vineyards in which the vines are pruned very low, about two feet in height. Evidently some the vines are very old because they are several inches in diameter and stubby in appearance. The vines had not yet shed their leaves, which were golden with autumn color. It grew dark at 6 p.m. When I returned from the diner I found a rather large woman dressed in black occupying my seat. She did not seem to be in very good humor when I took the seat directly opposite. When we passed Toulon I saw a trainload of French soldiers and sailors on vacation and they were hilarious.

We reached Marseilles at 8 p.m. We were in another time zone and had to set our watches back an hour. I went to the Hotel Splendide near the station to spend the night and was given a nice room with bath. In the bar of the hotel I asked for cigars and found they were all American and priced from 50 to 75 cents apiece, which was beyond my means. I walked down the street and found some cheap French cigars at about seven cents each. I stopped in a small restaurant for supper, after which I continued my walk along a principal well lighted street in which I encountered many tourists, soldiers, sailors, and pretty French street walkers whose business in life it was to welcome strangers single gentlemen to their fair city and entertain them. It was a cheerful sight and I could not help wishing that all cities made or permitted the same provision for visiting strangers. How dreary by contrast were the cities

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of all Spanish and most northern countries for want of bright lights at night, brilliant window displays, and pretty and sociable street walkers. I returned to the hotel and retired early.

Sunday, Nov.14. I awoke at 4.30 a.m., had a light breakfast, and left at 5.30 to catch an early train for Tarascon where I would have to change to the south bound through train. The morning light was dim, but I could see that we were travelling through a rim barren rocky region with an arm of the sea visible in the near distance. We arrived at Miramar at 6.30 a.m., apparently a small railroad center; thence through a flat marshy stretch to Arles at 7 a.m., a small manufacturing city, and then through some vineyards to Tarascon at 7.20. Here I waited with a small group of passengers about a little railway station for an hour for the through train to the south. It came and the passengers distributed themselves about in the compartments, and left at 7.50. Just outside the city the train crosses the Rhone, which was wide and flowing swiftly, and from the coach window one could see a beautiful bridge and on the other side an islet with a castle on it. We passed Nimes at 8.20 a.m., and on through a flat, wet looking valley planted mostly to vineyards, with the vines prunned low; on through a region of marshes to Montpelier Cette at 10 a.m.The swampy and partially flooded region continued for several hours. The soil appeared to be sandy and poor. Then gradually we passed into a treeless country of red hills and almost continuous vineyards. One wonders how the world can consume all the wine these vinyards can produce; also how the poducers manage to live with no other crops and no wood for fuyel. We reached Perpignon at 1.40 p.m., and Cerbere on the French side of the frontier at 2.45.

Soon we were at Porto Bon on the Spanish side, which is in a deep valley between two mountains traversed by tunnels. Here there

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was great formality and much loss of time in taking up passports, opening and examining of baggage, and stamping of railway tickets. Then a long wait standing in line to get back our passports. All this took nearly two hours before the passengers were reseated in the train and ready to proceed.

We passed through some mountains covered with mist and could see nothing except that they were terraced and covered with vineyards. We reached Figueres at 4.30 p.m. in a broad valley with large fields of alfalfa and maize. It soon became dark and for three long hours nothing could be seen. At Barcelona I asked a guide to direct me to a nearby hotel so that I would not have far to go the next morning to catch an early train. He directed me to the Ritz. This proved to be at least a mile from the station. It was situated on a small circle at the intersection of four streets and was surrounded by business establishments and shops that were all closed after dark. I was given a comfortable room and after washing up went down for supper, but found that the dining room would not open until 8.30 p.m.. Hoping to find a less expensive eating place I took a brisk walk out and back about five blocks on each of the four intersecting streets, but saw no restaurant, so I returned to the hotel. I had an excellent supper and was much surprised to find the bread quite edible, white and tender. With this delicious bread I had a juicy steak and fried potatoes, and a half bottle of Marfil wine. Such an excellent supper was appreciated the more because it was so unexpected.

Monday, Nov.15, cloudy and cool. I had left instructions at the desk to be called at 7 a.m. The call did not come, but proved not to be necessary. After breakfast I called for the account. It amounted to 55 pesetas, or about $11.00 for the night's lodging and breakfast. I reached the train in ample time and succeed-

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in finding a vacant seat in a compartment. The train seemed to be crowded to capacity. For two hours or more out of Barcelona we followed the shore of the Mediterranean. Then the route turned inland toward the west through arid or semiarid mountains with slopes terraced and set with vineyards and olive orchards. We passthrough a succession of tunnels and one of them seemed as long to me as the Simplon. The train had a dining car and the food was much better than was to be had on the trains in Italy. At 2.15 p.m. we passed La Pueblo de Hijar, a small place high up on dry looking hills, but it had a sugar factory. The presence of this factory was explained by the valley which we entered, a valley irrigated on both sides by a small river and devoted almost entirely to the growing of sugar beets, although a few patches of alfalfa and maize were to be seen. The country generally was rocky and barren, the mud colored towns few and far between, and no sign of life other than a few laborers along the railroad. In fact the country looked like a deserted desert and the only sign of wild life was a small flock of sparrows at one of the villages. Shortly after 4 p.m. darkness hid the desolate landscape from our view.

Earlier in the day my fellow passengers had left me the sole occupant of the compartment. At Sarragossa three well dressed gentlemen came into the compartment and we soon got into conversation. They could speak no English, but my Spanish came back to me rapidly and I welcomed the opportunity to converse with them. One of the party began to ask questions about the United States, politely and with a smile, and the questions and answers were listened to with much interest by the other two. First he wanted to know about the cost of living, and especially about the prices of automobiles and accessories--he being an agent for an automobile com-

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pany. Then he wanted to know if every American family was rich and owned an automobile; about the Ku-Klux Klan and whether it dominated the country as did the Facisti in Italy; how many negroes there were in the United States, whether we loved them and married them, why we had sent them to the battlefields of Europe to be shot down, and whether in the course of time they, being more prolific than the whites, might so increase in numbers as to take possession of the country and enslave the whites; and how many negroes were lynched annually, and were the lynchers punished; also had the people of the United States exterminated the Indians who originally possessed and occupied America; and what did we propose to do about rampant political corruption, about bribery, and about prostitution; and was the United States making any preparation against attack by the Japanese, or against a coalition of the Central and South American countries.

"Bueno," I said,"you have displayed interest, intelligence, and great ignorance in the questions you have asked, but I assume that you have asked them in good faith and I will answer them in the same spirit." "Yes, the United States is fully prepared to meet all military and naval contingencies." He interrupted to say that it was generally believed that the Japanese were fully prepared to attack the United States when the great earthquake intervened. I replied "Do you remember what happened to the Spanish fleet in 1928? Do you remember that the United States has won every war in which it was engaged? We are a peace loving people, but a people that has subdued a continent much larger than all Europe, and are fully prepared to meet any nation on earth in the full confidence that what happened to the Spanish fleet will happen to it." My companions were evidently very uneasy, but I begged them to listen while I briefly answered in succession the various questions

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attack by the Japanese, or against a coalition of the Central and tion; and was the United States making any preparation against rampant political corruption, about bribery, and about prosaitu- essed and occupied America; and what did we propose to do about of the United States exterminated the Indians who originally pos- ed annually, and were the Lynchers punished; also had the people the white, might so increase in numbers as to take possession of the country and enslave the whites; and how many negroes were lynch- and whether in the course of time they, being more prolific than why we had sent them to the battlefields of Europe to be shot down, were in the United States, whether we loved them and married them, ed the country as did the Fascisti in Italy; how many negroes there owned an automobile; about the Ku-Klux Klan and whether it dominat- pany. Then he wanted to know if every American family was rich and

in pointed language, comparing the generous and just treatment of Indians and negroes by the United States ~~as compared~~ with the treatment accorded them by the Spanish government, comparing instances of public graft and corruption and prostitution in the United States with what went on in Spain and in all Spanish countries. This was obviously most unpalatable to my companions and the atmosphere became decidedly cool. Then the loquacious one said, "But is it not a fact that the American army is disorganized and the American fleet antiquated?" "My dear sir," I replied, "that is exactly what was said in 1928. Surely you remember what happened to the Spanish fleet at Manilla Harbor and off the harbor of Santiago de Cuba in that year? Armies and fleets and their equipment cost money, but we happen to have more money than any other country, and so we have an army and a magnificent fleet, but we have so many other things that are of more ~~xlvalue~~ value and interest to us that not much is said about it. Our house is quite as much in order ~~xx~~ as that of any other country, only we are so rich and strong and have so many interests that we do not have to think much about it. But, gentleman, whenever you ~~happen to~~ think that the United States Navy is antiquated, just remember what happened to the superb modern fleet of Spain in 1928. The American fleet is quite well prepared to do precisely the same by any other fleet, Japanese or European, that makes the mistake of attacking it." This thrust went home, and with one accord they reached for their bags and with a cold and ceremonious "Buenos noches, Señor," they withdrew and I saw them no more. These encounters were interesting, but somewhat disagreeable. I asked myself "What's the use." And again I asked myself, "Why should a respectable American citizen on official business for his government, and minding his own business, listen supinely to a series of questions, each one of which was an implied insult, with-

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out politely, diplomatically and effectually dumping a load of bricks on their heads." Anyhow, they had invited it and got all and more than they wanted. I would have preferred that someone else better qualified give it to them, but in the absence of such a one it seemed to be up to me to enlighten them. Also it was part of their education, and I felt sure that they would not be quite so free with impertinent questions with the next American they met. Anyhow, they were effectually silenced and had beat a retreat.

~~Tuesday, Nov.16, cloudy and mild.~~

About 6 p.m. police agents came through the train and examined passports. They advised me that it would be necessary to get a visee at every city where I stopped for as long as 48 hours. I had an excellent supper on the diner and the whole compartment to myself until we reached Madrid at 11 p.m. I went to the Palace Hotel and was given a comfortable room. I took a short walk after supper, but found the streets deserted and all shop windows closed with metal screens, as in all Spanish cities.

Tuesday, Nov.16, cloudy and mild. After a bath I got out my heavy blue serge suit I had made in London. It had been worn a few days only and upon my return to Rome I had turned the trousers over to the hotel valet for pressing. A few days later a pair of blue trousers ~~were~~, neatly folded, were in the wardrobe and I had placed them in my large suit case. This was the first time since that I had occasion to put them on. I immediately discovered that they were four inches too short in the leg and six inches too large in the waist, and were of thin material, whereas mine were of the heaviest material. Fortunately I had a duplicate pair. I immediately wrote the hotel management in Rome, but nothing came of it, ~~but nothing ever came of it~~. The mistake occurred because the two pair of trousers, in spite of their difference in weight and size,

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were of exactly the same shade of blue.

After breakfast I made up my laundry,laid out a pair of trousers to be pressed, left the Moscow watch with a jeweler for a new crystal, called at the American Express office to buy some pesetas (327 for $50.00), bought some cigars, and then took a taxi to the American Consulate. There I received a telegram from Mr. Hobson and the Secretary General to the effect that consideration of the census project had been postponed until Nov.23, which meant a special meeting of the Permanent Committee. I met the Consul General, Mr.Clinton E. ~~MacLaschran~~ MacEashran, who said he had been in the service sixteen years, part of the time in the State Department at Washington, and who came from Belgium to Madrid a few weeks prior to my visit. He was very cordial and loaned me copies of his quarterly report, one of them on the livestock industry of Spain. He said that if I would call the following forenoon he would assign one of his assistants, Sr.Cardova, to accompany me to the Ministry of Agriculture and the Statistical Bureau.

Then I went to the Direccion General de Publica Secureza, Calle Renia 43, to leave my passport to be checked and recorded and was told that I could get it back at 7 p.m.

I walked back to the hotel, which was centrally located. After an excellent luncheon that cost me the equivalent of $2.50, I visited the Museo de Prado and the Art Museum. The art museum was so dark inside that many of the paintings could not be distinguished. The afternoon was dark and there were no lights in the museum. A fee of one peseta was charged for entrance. I saw a good collection of paintings by Velasquez, Rubens, Tintorretto, Rafael, Titian, Giotto, and one by Rembrant. In my judgment less than ten per cent of the paintings were good and at least 90 per cent of them of little merit, although most of them were of great age and bore the names of

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celebrated artists. To this day I cannot understand how a poor painting by a celebrated artist should be regarded with more respect and admiration than a much better one by an unknown artist. It is curious to observe how the Virgin Mary and the holy family are painted by artists of different nationalities. For example, in Italy the Virgin is clearly Italian, in Holland she is Dutch, and in Spain Spanish, and nowhere clearly Jewish. Adam and Eve in the Garden are represented as about 45 years old, that is, fully mature. Another curious thing about paintings is that nude women are always represented with their sex concealed by leaves, whereas the male sex is represented as unashamed and innocent. One of the paintings in this collection was interesting in that it showed half a dozen mature and very graceful nude maidens dancing and prancing about with great abandon, but each carefully holding her left hand over the spot where the artist usually places a leaf. Because of the obscurity in the gallery I walked through it rapidly, and then went over to the botanical garden.

In the botanical garden the foliage showed some bright autumn coloring, although most of the leaves had fallen. I was interested in a specimen of persimmon tree from Virginia. It was abnormally slender for its height and its ripening fruits were smaller than cherries. It began to rain before I finished looking at the garden. On the way over to the hotel I saw a large drove of smooth skinned swine with enormous ears and long tails being driven down the principal avenue of Madrid. I took a snap shot of them in the rain in the hope that the photograph would be clear enough to serve as a reminder.

I bought some more cigars, some picture postcards, and a pair of castinets as a souvenir. Then I took a long nap. At 8 p.m. I walked about a mile in search of an attractive looking restaurant,

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without success. At last I entered one that did not appeal much to me for its appearance, but the food was good and cost less than half the price of a meal at the hotel. On the return I saw the second cigar stand I had seen that afternoon. These cigar stands were small, plain, affairs and their entire stock of tobaccos could be carried in a hand basket. Any cigar with Havana tobacco in it cost from 18 to 60 cents. The dealers were reluctant to show domestic cigars, which were much cheaper and quite as good as the imported cigars. I walked from the restaurant to the hotel on the principal street, ~~that~~ it was in semi-darkness, practically deserted, with the metal shutters over all shop windows, and no sign of a theater or other place of amusement. This was characteristic of all Spanish towns, which are dismal places after dark.

Wednesday, Nov.17, cool and foggy. Sr.Córdova of the American Consulate went with me to the Ministerio de Fomento, which was in a large and commodious building facing the Prado next to the Botanical Garden. This department had charge of all matters relating to public works, communications, and agriculture. for which last there was a division in charge of agriculture, forestry, and mines. The director was out of the city but his assistant assured me that the division would cooperate to the fullest extent in its power.He talked freely, if somewhat vaguely, about the organization and work of the agricultural branch of the department and supplied me with a number of bulletins. Also he gave me the address of the statistical division, which was in another part of the city, and regarding the colonies and dependencies of Spain I should see the Director of Colonies, whose office would be open from 10 a.m. to 12 m.

On the street my companion spoke very disparagingly of the division, saying that there was not a single employe in it who could discuss intelligently either the agriculture of Spain or the or-

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ganization of his own division, and as for work, it did none, because the sole interest of the employes was in their salaries. He said also that there was no such thing as a statistical division. At the consulate he telephoned to the headquarters of the National Livestock Association and ascertained that the secretary general was out of the city but was expected back the following Friday. Inasmuch as there were no trains leaving for Lisbon in the morning and the night trains carried sleepers only on Thursdays and Saturdays, I decided to remain over until Saturday because I had been told that the livestock association was the most powerful organization of its kind in Spain.and its cooperation in the census would be of much value.

After luncheon I walked to the address of the Commercial Attache and after some difficulty found the number given me, but the porter at the door said he knew neither the name nor the office.

The days seemed very short in Madrid. The mornings were foggy and dark until nearly noon, and by 3.30 p.m. the shadow of the tall buildings made it seem like early dusk, and by 5.30 it was completely dark. Mr.Córdoza informed me that the customary office hours were from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. He said the higher officials got about $3,000 a year. I noticed that most of the small shops and stores closed at 3 p.m.

I returned to the hotel rather tired from my long walk, and read a Spanish novelette that I had purchased from a street vendor. On its paper cover was the picture of a lurid and luscious female and, while the story had nothing to do with the picture, it was of the same general character and would probably be barred from the United States by our squeamishly pious customs inspectors. It had been a gloomy depressing day, but a nice supper in the brilliantly lighted dining room of the hotel with good music restored my normal sense of cheerfulness.

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(1926, Nov.Madrid. E--2267.

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Then I walked to the address of the commersial attache and without asking any questions entered the building and read the signs on the doors until I found the one I was looking for. Mr.Cunningham, the attache, was in his office and I was pleased to learn that he was a westerner, born in Nebraska, and had lived in California and Texas and knew some of my friends. He complained that the Division of Agriculture had refused to supply him with recent agricultural statistics, which they acknowledged they had, until after it had been transmitted to Rome and released by the International Institute. When I told him of the difficulty I had in finding the "Consejo" he sent his assistant, Sr.Alcaide, to show me the way. He conducted me to No.28 Calle Zurbano (instead of 32 or 34, as I had been directed) and there I met the Secretary General, Sr.Don Jose Gonzales Esteban, in the absence of the president who was out of town. He was a very courteous gentleman and gave me a copy of the

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original decree establishing the Consejo and describing its work as that of a crop estimating or statistical office, its data being collected periodically by means of questionnaires sent to officials and correspondents in the provinces. As the short official day was about to end our interview was a short one, but El Señor Don promised complete cooperation in the census project.

Sr.Alcaide agreed to call the next morning to go with me to the headquarters of the National Livestock Association.

After luncheon I inspected the National Library andMuseum of Modern Art. It was raining steadily and water was leaking into the rooms of the art gallery. These units were housed in a very large building. Part of the museum was closed for repairs, which m must have been badly needed if the part not closed was at all comparable. The art gallery was so dark that one could not distinguish the names of the artists on the paintings or labels. On the whole the pictures were attrative inspite of the insufficient light.

The art gallery faced the Prado, the magnificently broad avenue running through the city. It might almost be called a narrow park with parallel streets on either side, broad sidewalks, parking space back of the streets, and fine buildings back of the parking. It is unquestionably one of the finest city avenues in the world. The great building occupied by the postoffice department was one of the largest and most impsing structures in the city.

I returned to my room at 4 p.m. and read another Spanish novelette. Aside from newspapers and a few magazines the principal literature displayed at the newsstands, which were few and far between, were several series of weekly novelettes, pocket size, each with a colored picture of an alluring female on the outer cover and a story of amorous adventures inside. I purchased a number of them and read them as a matter of curiosity and for a better un-

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derstanding of one phase of Spanish psychology and character. Some of them were well written, others crude and almost infantile. Apparently they were syndicated because I saw them exhibited for sale in all Spanish speaking countries. The only similar publications in other countries are to be found in France, but there they are less prominently in evidence. After reading one of these stories I realized that the room was cold, so I went to bed to keep warm,--another practice rather common in Spanish speaking countries, in all of which comfortable artificial heat is regarded as unhealthy.

After supper in the grill room of the hotel I went out on the street at 9.30 p.m. and walked for an hour in search of some place of amusement, but found none. Near the railway station I found a small cafe and heard the sound of a guitar from within. I entered and took a seat to one side and ordered a bottle of beer. There were only a few customers in the place, and the orchestra consisted of a sickly looking young man to one side plucking the strings of a guitar. At a small table, also to one side, were several señoritas. They came in a group to my table and began to clamor for drinks. This was a trifle embarrassing. They insisted I was an "Americano rico." I protested that I was a "pobrecito" and that while I was willing to share my bottle of beer with one señorita I could not undertake to play host to five of them all at one time. They were not inclined to believe me and all five of them leaned forward and exhibited five pairs of beautiful breasts, five pretty faces, red lips and appealing eyes, but I was obdurate and said I could not afford to spend money on five young women in a strange place, no matter how beautiful and accommodating they were. I nodded to one of the five and said that if she would join me at the table alone I would pay for a glass of wine, but that I was desolated that I could not treat all five of them. The one I indicated prompt-

derstanding of one phase of Spanish psychology and character. Some of them were well written, others crude and almost infantile. Apparently they were syndicated because I saw them exhibited for sale in all Spanish speaking countries. The only similar publications in other countries are to be found in France, but there they are less prominently in evidence. After reading one of these stories I realized that the room was cold, so I went to bed to keep warm--another practice rather common in Spanish speaking countries, in all of which comfortable artificial heat is regarded as unhealthy.

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ly sat down and the other four took the hint and retired with very bad grace. The señorita that remained was very decorous, accepted a glass of wine and a package of cigarrettes I ordered for her, and answered my questions in a friendly spirit. She was a pretty little thing with soft eyes and an innocent expression. She said she had accompanied her widowed mother from Valencia to Barcellona and thence to Madrid, and that she did not like Madrid because it was so big, so strange, so dull, so cold in winter, and was so far from the sea. I spent an hour very agreeably listening to her tell about the charms of Valencia, and then I departed. During that hour I was the only customer.

At the hotel I had a feeling of impatience and great dissatisfaction with Madrid, a great, big, cold, dull, dreary place, at least during the week I was there. Also during the day I had learned that the next train with sleeping cars would not leave for Lisbon until Sunday night. If I took any other train I would have to sit up all night. I was impatient also with the official hours, 11 a.m.to 1 p.m., and with the indefiniteness of the office signs on and in buildings and the ignorance of porters and doorkeepers which made it so difficult for a stranger to find anybody.

Friday, Nov.19, clear and cold. At 11 a.m. I called at the office of the Commercial Attache. He had not arrived. His secretary, Sr.Alcaide, was held in conversation with a Spanish gentleman for more than half an hour. I was becoming impatient, when the Attache came in and began to order the clerical force about and there was a sudden show of activity. At 12 m. I interrupted the proceedings to remind the Attache that I understood that an appointment had been made for me at 11 a.m. with the officials of the livestock association by Sr.Alcaide and that he was to accompany me; that more than an hour had elapsed while waiting in his office, and if not

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(1926, Nov.Madrid. E-2271.

asking too much would he kindly have some one telephone the headquarters of the association and explain that I had been detained and could I see them if I came over immediately. The Attache seemed surprised and a little resentful at first because of my interruption, but as the significance of what I had said dawned upon him he became very apologetic. He personally called up and ascertained that the secretary of the association would see me and he instructed Sr.Alcaide to go with me so there would be no delay in finding the place. We found the place and I had a very satisfactory interview with the secretary general and other officials. It had a nation-wide organization, employed several technicians, and performed many of the functions usually performed by a department of agriculture, for which reason I was glad to have their assurance of cooperation in the census project. I received an even more cordial reception by the Marquis de la Frontera, and the same assurance of cooperation. In addition he had a package of bulletins and pamphlets made up for my information.

The official day being over I took Sr.Alcaide with me to the hotel and we had luncheon together. It was after 3 p.m. when we finished. He walked with me as far as the American Consulate, where I found some mail awaiting me. At Cook's agency I purchased transportation to Lisbon. At the hotel I read some of the Spanish bulletins that had been given me. At 8.30 p.m. I repaired to the hotel dining room and was the first guest. Only three others appeared before I finished.

(Wife, Nov.19, pink folder.

~~2271--a~~ ~~2613~~

"Madrid, Spain, 19 November 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Ninas:

"I left Rome a week ago today in a train de luxe. Had to get up the next morning at 5.30 to change cars at Genoa. Left Genoa at 7.30 in a train without a diner. For several hours we passed through a succession of tunnels, one after the other. The train followed the beach with the mountains on one side and the Mediteranean on the other. The mountain sides are terraced, stair-step fashion, and planted to grapes. Occasionally a hillside would be covered with olives. It is inconceivable the amount of hard labor that was required to build these terraces on the steep sides of the mountains. Usually there is a ten foot stone wall and perhaps fifteen feet of stony earth in which the vines are planted. There is also a succession of villages, the old ones with six and seven story brick and stucco houses swarming with dirty looking people and children; the new ones with modern villas and bungalows. So it was all day long from daylight till dark, the steady roaring of the surf on one side, the terraced mountain on the other, and village after village, with here and there a city, following in succession. We passed through Ventimilia, the last town on the Italian border, and Mentone, the first town on the French border, and then San Lorenzo, San Remo, Bordeghlera, Monte Carlo--the famous gambling den of Europe, of which all I could see from the train was a high cliff, some bushes, and some cupolas projecting above the edge of the cliff--Monaco, Nice, Cannes at 4.30 p.m., and then it got so dark I could see nothing until we reached Marseilles at 8 o'clock. There I went to the Hotel Splendide and got a nice room, bath and supper. Retired early because I had to get up early the next morning.

"Sunday, November 14, I was up at 5.30 and left Marseilles about 6 o'clock. It was still too dark to see much. Went through

Miramar, Arles, and Tarascon at 7.30, where I had to change cars. The trip north to Tarascon was through a hilly, rocky, barren country, until near the town the country flattened out into a great swamp along the River Rhone, which at this point is wide and flowing swiftly. Across the river was a picturesque bridge and on the other side an interesting castle.

"Left Tarascon at 7.30 and passed through Nismes, Montpelier, Cette, Perpignon and Cerbere in the early afternoon. The trip so far was through a flat, swampy country, entirely devoted to vineyards. I never dreamed that there was such an expanse of vineyards in the world. In this region the vines are set close together and trimmed low, 18 to 24 inches above ground, so that the vines are short and stubby. Absolutely nothing else is grown in this region except the wine grapes. Generally the soil is sandy and poor, and there is much swamp. I also saw places where salt is made by evaporating sea water. The salt was piled high in great heaps and was glistening white.

"Then we came to the Mediteranean again and followed the coast. In the afternoon about 4 o'clock we reached Porto Bon, the first town on the Spanish frontier where we had to have our passports and baggage examined and change cars. There are no through trains from France beyond the border because the French lines are narrow and the Spanish lines are wide guage, so that on reaching the border all passengers must change and all merchandise must be transshipped. Because of a recent attempt of a band of Italians to incite a revolution in one of the northern provinces of Spain the police were very strict. Papers and passengers were examined not only at the frontier but in the train en route, and in each city a foreigner is required to report in person to the prefect of police within 48 hours of arrival, neglect so to do being subject to a fine of about $75.00. At

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each place one has to give his personal history, tell where he is stopping or intends to stop, how long he expects to stay, where he intends to go next, and the hotel he intends to stop at--all of which gets a little monotonous after a few repetitions. It gets dark in Spain at this season at about 4.30 p.m. so I did not see much after passing customs, except glimpses of barren mountains with the Mediteranean not far off.

"We reached Barcellona at 7.30 p.m. I went to the Hotel Ritz and got a nice room with bath. Went down to the dining room but was told I could get nothing ~~x~~ until 8.30. Such business and work as gets done in Spain must be done between 11 a.m. and at latest 2 p.m.They sleep the rest of the day and entertain themselves all night.

"I was up early the next morning and left Barcellona at 8 o'clock. It was still dark because of mist. For two hours or more the train followed the shore of the Mediteranean and then turned inland through the mountains, and went through tunnel after tunnel for more than half a day. One of these tunnels seemed almost as long as the great Simplon. The succession of mountains were treeless, barren and rocky, but always terraced with walls of stone and little shelves filled in with earth and planted to grapes. Imagine the infinite amount of human labor that went into the building of these terraces. The towns were few and far between, very old, with buildings huddled close together and all the same mud color as the soil, looking for all the world like a lot of mud-daubers' nests. There was little sign of human life and absolutely no sign of wild life, no birds, no rabbits, no cattle, no dogs--just a wilderness of barren mountains. We reached Sarragossa at 3.30 p.m., which is in a flat valley with a small river in the middle that is used for irrigation. Here the soil is better, all under irrigation, and devoted

mostly to the growing of sugar beets.

"At Sarragossa two Spanish gentlemen entered my compartment and we soon got into conversation. They were interested in knowing about the fabulous wealth of America, its skyscraper buildings, the great number of automobiles, the dry law which they could not understand, the crazy American women, the negroes, the Jews, etc. Incidentally they expressed the opinion that a war between the blacks and whites is inevitable, that the United States did a great and unjustifiable wrong in sending negroes to fight white men in the European war, and that had it not been for the great earthquake in Japan that country would have attacked the U.S. a year or more ago. So, you see what some foreigners think of us. For answer I smiled and asked mildly (1) if they knew of any country now or in all history that is or has been so fortunately situated geographically or economically or financially as is the U.S. for military offense or defense; (2) did they know of any ~~other~~ country now on the map that has been so uniformly victorious in all the wars in which it has engaged other than the U.S., and (3) did they know of any other country in all history so powerful as the U.S. that had so consistently advocated peace and refrained from military attacks on its neighbors. I also asked them if they remembered what happened to the wonderful Spanish fleets at Manilla and Santiago de Cuba. They looked at me, then at each other, and were silent.

"After leaving Sarragossa we traveled through a valley with a rich, red clay loam soil, much like the Hagerstown loam, all under irrigation, devoted to sugar beets, alfalfa, maize, and a few patches of grain sorghum. But no fruit trees and no farm houses, the people all living in the mud-dauber villages. Then again we passed through barren mountains until dark. Arrived at Madrid at 11 p.m.and went to the Palace Hotel where again I have a nice room and bath. That was Monday night.

"Since then it has rained most of the time. I have interviewed the government officials and the officials of the National Agricultural and Livestock Associations and have their promise of cooperation in the census of 1930. Have been busy but at intervals have found time to inspect the National Art Gallery and the National Library and Museum. There are some very fine paintings to be seen of Velasquez, Rubens, Tintoretto, Rafael, Titian, Giotto, and one by Rembrant. Also I inspected the Botanical Garden where I saw some autumn coloring on the maple and horsechestnut trees. They were very tall and slim and the fruit was no larger than cherries. As they had shed their leaves I would not have recognized them without the labels.

"Madrid is a city about as large as Baltimore. Spain and Madrid prospered greatly during the war and a large part of the city was rebuilt so that it has the appearance of being quite new. The Prado, the principal avenue, is nearly twice the width of Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. It is really two streets with a broad parking between set with trees, palms, lawn and flower beds, and on the outside of the bordering streets are great stone, marble, and concrete buildings. However, in the old part of the city the streets are narrow and the sidewalks very inconvenient.

"When I called at the American Consulate I received two telegrams, one from Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate at the Institute, and the other from the Secretary General, to the effect that my ultimatum to the Permanent Committee with regard to the status of the census project would be considered at a special meeting on the 23d--I having given notice that in case of an adverse decision not later than the 24th I would return to Rome and resign. So I am still in doubt as to whether I will be with you for Christmas. I suspect, however, that the Permanent Committee will grant my request for

independence and freedom of action, because of the extreme difficulty of finding any one to replace me. Anyhow I plan to return to Washington next February.

"I hope to finish here tomorrow, Saturday, and leave Sunday for Lisbon, where I shall hope to receive letters from home.

"Love to all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, Nov. Madrid. ~~E--2272.~~ ~~2674~~

Saturday, Nov.20, clear and cold. After breakfast I went to the Consulate, found some more mail, and had a brief interview with the Consul. Then to the office of the Commercial Attache and Mr. Alcaide accompanied me to the Direccion de Colonias. The director was away, so I explained my mission to the assistant director, Marquis de Isbuernigo. It took the combined efforts of myself and Sr. Alcaide to make him understand what an agricultural census is. He suggested that I submit the matter in writing to the director, because in his absence no decision could be reached, and the best I could do was to assure him that the director would receive a letter and a copy of the census program direct from the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and to aske that they give the matter their prompt and favorable consideration.

We next visited the Labor Department and had a satisfactory interview with the assistant director who did not hesitate to assure me that the Direccion de Trabajo Y Accion Social would cooperate.

Again I had Sr.Alcaide take luncheon with me at the Palace Hotel. After looking through some correspondence at my room I crossed the Prado and took some photographs in a large park. The trees had mostly shed their leaves and the ground was covered with a carpet of brown and gold. I noted that the park was covered with a network of irrigation ditches. I walked up a street nearly a mile to a cigar stand for a new supply, only to be told that I had completely exhausted their stock two days before. It took me sometime to find another place that kept the small Spanish cigars that I wanted.and could afford to smoke freely. I spent the rest of the day writing and reading.

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Z1926, Nov. Madrid. ~~E--2273, 2220~~

Sunday, Nov.21, unsettled. After breakfast I went out to take some pictures, but the light was poor. I walked along the Prado out to the top of a hill beyond the great railway station from which point one has a good view of a large part of the city. I returned by way of the Calle Atoche, which was crowded with people, including many soldiers in uniform. I stopped at a small restaurant for a glass of beer. It was crowded with men, all drinking vermouth, and some of them had their small children with them. I walked back through a side street with several markets for meats, poultry, vegetables, and fruits. At one of the stands I saw some ears of popcorn strung up by their husks. At a corner of one of the side streets I saw a sign with the name "Cervantes", and upon looking down the street, which was narrow and in the older part of the city, I saw a tablet on which was inscribed "In this house Cervantes lived and died, MDXVI." At a newsstand on the next corner I purchased some "Cuentas," the Spanish novellettes that seemed to be so popular, dealing with amours and the passionate side of life. In all my walks about Madrid I did not see a single book store.

After luncheon I drafted a letter, read one of the Cuentas, and took another long walk. Between 5 and 6 p.m. the streets were crowded with people, mostly men, and all seats in the cafes were occupied. I stepped into one cafe that bore the sign "servido por señoritas" and had a glass of vermouth, but only one "señorita" appeared, and she was an obese middle-aged creature.

Madrid to Lisbon

Returning to the hotel I settled my account, read another "Cuenta," had a satisfactory supper in the grill room, and sat in the lounge for awhile watching the people come and go. Then I took a taxi with my baggage to the Estacion Delicias, and was soon installed in a sleeping compartment. At 9.05 p.m. the train moved

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slowly, very slowly, out of the station and across the city.

Monday, Nov.22, clear and cool, following heavy rain in the night. When I awoke at 7 a.m. I found the train was traveling over a high plateau with distant mountains visible in all directions. One could see twenty miles or more to the west. The soil was red with outcroppings of sandstone, mostly in wheat, and very stony. From time to time we passed considerable areas in cork oak, which has foliage similar to that of the olive, is rather low in height, with thick trunk and spreading branches. The cork-producing bark is stripped off in sections as high as the first limbs eight to twelve feet above ground. The inner bark soon turns to a rich mahogany red. Very little livestock was to be seen.

We passed San Vicinto at 8 a.m., a small railway station with piles of charcoal and cork bark about it; and at 8.30 a.m. we came to Valencia on the Spanish side of the border where passports were taken up for examination; and at 9.15 we stopped at a little town on the Portuguese side where the baggage was opened up and examined. The country along the border was a strange one of boulders, rock, and ravines, with broad expanses in olives and cork oaks, a country without houses or livestock and so rough that it would be difficult to cross it on horseback. There were several small mountain streams and wherever there was any soil between the rocks wheat was planted.

We reached Torre las Vargens at 10.40 and were riding through a broad undulating plain with great boulders in the fields that were separated by stone fences. The soil was light, sandy, and gravelly, stony and poor looking. Much of it was in wheat. The cork oak forests or orchards were extensive, the trees being scattered about irregularly one hundred or more feet apart and the ground between cultivated. Many of the short, stubby oaks with their rich

(1926, Nov. Spain-Portugal. E--3274.

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We reached Entre Las Vargens at 10.40 and were riding through a broad undulating plain with great boulders in the fields that were separated by stone fences. The soil was light, sandy, and gravelly, stony and poor looking. Much of it was in wheat. The cork oak forests or ordinarie were extensive, the trees being scattered about irregularly one hundred or more feet apart and the ground between cultivated. Many of the short, stubby oaks with their rich

red trunks and spreading branches are very picturesque. Were it not for the cork oaks and oddly shaped boulders the general aspect of the country would be extremely desolate. At Ponte de Sor at 11 a.m. we saw several acres piled high with cork bark awaiting shipment. At another small station was a grove of eucalyptus trees. Then the train dropped down into a broad valley covered with vineyards. We reached Albrantes at 11.25 a.m. and a few minutes later we approached the River ~~Ebro~~ Tagus, which was in flood and out of banks in many places. At 11.50 we passed Taucas and several long steel bridges. The river was broad, muddy, with a swift current carrying great patches of yellow foam. Many of the vineyards and olive orchards on the narrow lands on both sides of the river were under water. Along the slopes that rise from the narrow lowlands were vineyards and olive orchards, and above them the ground seemed to be barren. We reached Estroucamento, a small railway town, at noon. The waiter brought in a luncheon consisting of two boiled eggs, fried fish, fried chicken, two rolls, a small apple, and a half bottle of wine. The railway followed the river, which became broader as we proceeded. At one place was the highest aqueduct I have seen.

At 1.50 p.m. we reached Lisbon after passing through a long tunnel. From the railway station platform we descended a long flight of steps and walking around the corner of a city block came to the Avenida Palace Hotel adjoining, but below the station.. The only room available had no bath, but I took it lest I might not do better elsewhere. It was on the fourth floor (which would be called the sixth in the United States). As I was shown into the room a fat man and a thin woman were just making up the two beds it contained, each with a hard straw mattress. After washing up and laying out my laundry I took a taxi to the American Consulate, which

was in a rather dirty building at some distance from the hotel. The Consul was a middle aged gentleman who knew some of my colleagues in the Department of Agriculture. Both the Consul and his clerk said that official hours were very irregular, that it would be impossible to arrange for an appointment by telephone, and that the best way to meet officials would be to call at their offices in person, and that if I would return at 2.30 p.m. the following day he would have his clerk conduct me to the various offices I wished to visit.

I walked back to the hotel and was impressed by the different levels of the streets because of the high hills and ravines between. The river is very broad and on its surface was much shipping. When I left the hotel it was in brilliant sunshine;thirty minutes later it was raining and I got quite wet. My room was unsatisfactory, high up,dark, without heat, and cold. After a brief rest and a drink of cognac I took another walk, left some films to be developed, and bought a small Morrocco leather pocket book with separate compartments for the different sizes of paper currency that one finds in so many foreign countries, found some picture postcards, and had a haircut. My first impression of the Portuguese language since leaving Brazil was not favorable. In comparison with Italian and Spanish it sounds "mushy," and almost as if it were a hybrid of French and Spanish. I noticed many peasant women without shoes on the streets. At dusk the streets were crowded with men. Restaurants and theaters looked dirty. The Avenida hotel, said to be the best in the city, also looked dirty. The supper at the hotel was disappointing, the food half cooked and the fruit half ripe. Clearly my first impression of Lisbon was depressing. It is a city of steep hills, some of them so steep that elevators are necessary in places.

(1936). Rev.Etabm. P-2276

(1926, Nov. Lisbon. E--2277.

Tuesday, Nov.23, fair and cold. After a cup of coffee I went out kodaking. I saw some picturesque peasant women carrying large flat baskets on their heads full of fish. They wore no shoes or stockings. I went down to the water front but got no pictures because the banks were inaccessible. I climbed to the top of a high hillY from which I had a fine view of such portions of the city as were visible between the hills. I traversed some narrow alley streets and saw the city's laundry hanging from windows and balconies. Also saw some dirty looking women who smiled graciously at passing men. These narrow streets were ~~also~~ full of cats--more cats than I ever saw in such a short space of time. I came to a neat and pretty little park overlooking the railway station set with palms and flowers and surrounded by an iron fence. Because of its height it afforded a good view of a portion of the city. As I sat on a bench smoking and looking over the city my attention was attracted by a slight movement behind some barrels and stones at one side. Looking more closely I observed two women partly concealed. One of them came out and laid on her back full length on one of the stone slabs to sun herself. Her clothing was ragged and she wore no shoes or stockings. She had a little boy baby about a year old with her. It had curly flaxen hair and blue eyes, although the mother was a pronounced brunette. Mother and child played together in the sun like two kittens.

Returning to the hotel I found that my room had not been touched although it was nearly noon. I left an order with the hotel clerk to transfer me to a room with a bath at the first opportunity.

After luncheon I called at the American Consulate and was joined by Sr.Antonio Suarez, who went with me to the Ministerio de Agricultura. There I met several officials and made appointments for the following day. From the public buildings I walked across

(1)26, Nov. Tsubon. S--2177.

Tuesday, Nov.25, fair and cold. After a cup of coffee I went out rolking. I saw some picturesque peasant women carrying large flat baskets on their heads full of fish. They wore no shoes or stockings. I went down to the water front but got no pictures because the banks were lined sellis. I climbed to the top of a high hill from which I had a fine view of some portions of the city as were visible between the hills. I traversed some narrow alley streets and saw the city's laundry hanging from windows and balconies. Also saw more dirty looking women who smiled genteelly at passing men. These curious streets were also full of cats--more cats than I ever saw in such a short space of time. I came to a most sad pretty little park overlooking the railway station and with palms and flowers and surrounded by an iron fence. Because of its height it afforded a good view of a portion of the city. As I sat on a bench smoking and looking over the city my attention was attracted by a slight movement behind some barrels and stones at one side. Looking more closely I observed two women partly concealed. One of them came out and laid on her back full length on one of the stone slabs in the kerbs. Her clothing was ragged and she wore no shoes or stockings. She had a little boy baby about a year old with her. It had curly flaxen hair and blue eyes, although the mother was a pronounced brunette. Mother and child played together in the sun like two kittens.

Returning to the hotel I found that my room had not been touched although it was nearly noon. I left an order with the hotel clerk to transfer me to a room with a bath as the first opportunity.

After luncheon I called at the American Consulate and was joined by Dr.Antonio Ramos, who went with me to the Ministerio de Agricultura. There I met several officials and made appointments for the following day. Then the public buildings I walked across

the old part of town with its narrow streets where one could see something of the daily life of the common people unaffected by the innovations and life of modern Lisbon. Here one sees old groceries, meat shops, shoe shops, cabinet makers, blacksmiths, locksmiths, gunsmiths, jewellers, and innumerable places where washing is done, ~~and~~ The streets overrun with ~~women~~ barefooted women and children, much like Naples but without the color and lightheartedness of Naples.

On returning to the hotel I was transferred from an inner dark room without bath to an outer one with bath. In making this transfer I had a wholly unnecessary and unpleasant experience. Two porters picked up my things in the old room. I wore my hat and carried my raincoat and a silver handled cane, ~~work my hat~~, and followed them to the new room. Instead of hanging them on the hatrack as was my custom, or standing the cane against the wall by the door in plain sight, I hung the cane on the bed rail and threw the rain coat over it, effectucally concealing it. As soon as the porters were duly tipped and dismissed ~~the porters and~~ I turned to glance about my new quarters and suddenly missed the cane. I could not remember where I last had it, nor could I believe my eyes when I did not see it hanging on the hat rack or standing by the door. I summoned the porters back and had them search for it. We returned to my former room to make sure it was not there. I asked that inquiry be made of the porter down stairs. On returning to the new room I searched in every possible and impossible place, in the bath room where I had not yet been, in the corners, under the bed, in and behind the large wardrobe. Finally I gave it up, thinking that by some unprecedented psychological hocuspocus I must have left it at a cigar store, or hanging on the iron railing of the park when I stopped to put on my raincoat. I was greatly depressed at the loss

because I valued it highly, but mainly because of the inexplicable manner of its sudden disappearance. Then, after looking moodily out on the street below, I turned to take stock of the new room and saw the cane plainly hanging on the end of the bed, the stick concealed by the projecting bedpost and the handle concealed by the raincoat. Instantly my mind cleared and I remembered placing it there, and all was explained--except why it was that I could not remember anything about the cane while I was searching so feverishly for it. Probably it was because the action of picking up the cane, carrying it into the room, and hanging it on the bed rail, was so purely mechanical that it made no impression on my mind. I confess that on first catching sight of it I had a feeling of ~~anx~~ childish anger and a strong impulse to punish it for its perversity as an inanimate object and a strong desire to break it in pieces and cast the pieces aside, just as I had seen anger flare up in my father and find expression in similar circumstances. But this was momentary only, I felt relieved that the inexplicable was explained, my inanimate companion found, and my outlook on life and the future brightended.

This was the day the Permanent Committee was to meet in Rome and decide whether or not the decree placing the census project under the statistical division of the Institute was to be modified as I had requested. Upon their decision depended whether or not I should continue as director of the project and proceed with my travel, or resign and return to my home and friends in the United States. I was deeply interested in the success of the project and in the travel connected with it, but at times, as today when I was disappointed at not receiving any letters from home, I found myself wishing that the decision would be an adverse one. At any rate I was beginning to wonder what the decision would be, because

I had told the Secretary General that if I did not get a definite decision by the time I finished with Lisbon I would assume that it was an adverse one, and would feel free to take the first steamer home. That time was drawing near.

Shortly after 6 o'clock I walked back through the poorer quarter above the railway station. In the course of my walk I crossed what appeared to be the red light district, although there were no red lights. There were several narrow streets with small one and two-story old houses, and most of them had a door or a window facing the street that was open. Inside the door or window was hung a sheet, once white, suspended as a curtain, behind which was one or more chairs and a couch. The rooms were lighted and through the sheet curtains could be seen one or more women sitting about, some of them in scanty attire. From time to time one of them would push aside the curtain and invite a passing man to enter. In many of these places soldiers or sailors were passing the time. On the street outside were many policemen, little fellows, standing around like wooden images. I wondered what they would do and how they would act if a rumpus broke out, and I almost hoped one would start for the sake of a little diversion, but nothing did. While I was passing through this interesting quarter it was quiet and peaceful.

Supper at the hotel was a failure. Both the service and the food were a disgrace to any third rate hotel, and this was supposed to be a first class one. To be specific: The dining room opened at 8.30 p.m. The waiter took from ten to fifteen minutes between courses. The soup came on, thin, watery, lukewarm, and tasteless, and there was no salt or pepper on the table. Then was served a boiled fish and boiled potatoes, and I happen to particularly dislike boiled fish. After another long wait the leg of a duck was served, but it was only half cooked, pink and red inside and tough

as tripe. I sent it back. The long wait that followed was so trying to my patience that I began to drink wine and smoke and read a newspaper. In the course of time some boiled fowl was set before me. It also was only half cooked, pink inside, and tough, and I sent it back untouched. In another twenty minutes another piece was brought in that was better cooked, but as tough and ~~xxx~~ elastic as India rubber, so tough that I could not manage it. No butter was served with the bread, and although I asked for it and said I would pay any price for it, none came. The only desert was ice cream, which I have never liked except in excessively hot weather. I asked as a special favor and a special order that some fruit be brought, and an apple, an orange, and a banana, were served, but all three were green and hard.

After supper I went up to the little park over the railway station and sat for awhile watching the lights of the city and harbor. They twinkled cheerily in the darkness and made a beautiful display.

Wednesday, Nov.24, clear and cold, the first day in a week that it had not rained. At 11 a.m., in company with Sr.Suarez, I called at the statistical division of the Department of Agriculture and had a very satisfactory interview with the director. In his company I had an equally satisfactory interview with the director of extension in the afternoon, and the two officials escorted me to the Minister of Agriculture. Several other technicians were called in. All expressed interest in the census project and assured me of their willingness to cooperate.

Later at the American Consulate I received a telegram from the Secretary General of the Institute saying:

"Permanent Committee decided yesterday to confirm your title director world census scheme, responsible to

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"Permanent Committee decided yesterday to confirm your title director world caucus scheme, responsible to

directly to Secretary General and, naturally, to President and Permanent Committee. Decided also that provisionally bureau for preparing census attached to Statistical Bureau is placed exclusively under your direction. Official letter follows."

On its face this was entirely satisfactory because it gave me the freedom of action I deemed absolutely essential to the success of my undertaking and had been clearly stipulated by me before accepting the appointment.

On the way back I nought a box of fifty cigars for $3.00 that I considered better than those sold at the hotel for fifty cents apiece.

Thursday,Nov.25. Fair and warmer. At 11 a.m., with Mr.Suarez, I called on the Minister of Colonies, and after explaining my mission was promptly assured that the Ministry would do all in its power to pomote the taking of the census in its colonies.

After luncheon I began to write letters. I stopped long enough to inquire at the office of the Wagons-Lits Cie. for transportation I had ordered for Algeciras, only to be told that my order had been overlooked. Another clerk took the order this time and promised to expedite matters by telegraph, and advised me to call again Saturday morning.

During my short stay in Lisbon at the Avenida Hotel I developed a strong aversion to its meals. Rooms could be had at this hotel only by including meals in the daily rate, that is, it was run on the so-called American plan; so the only way I could avoid its meals was either to change my hotel or duplicate the cost of meals by getting them elsewhere, and I felt that my stay was too short to justify trying to better my situation. After supper I sat in the lounge for awhile, smoking and listening to a small orches-

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On its face this was entirely satisfactory because it gave me the freedom of action I deemed absolutely essential to the success of my undertaking and had been eloquently stipulated by me Jan. 29 before accepting the appointment.

On the way back I bought a box of fifty cigars for $3.00 that I considered better than those sold at the hotel for fifty cents apiece.

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After luncheon I began to write letters. I stopped long enough to inquire at the office of the Companhia Colonial. for transportation I had ordered for Algeciras, only to be told that my order had been overlooked. Another clerk took the order this time and promised to expedite matters by telegraph, and advised me to call again Saturday morning.

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(1926, Nov. Lisbon. ~~E--2283.~~ 2655

tra. I was the only auditor and said to myself, "This is my royal palace and this my private orchestra; but it is just a trifle lonesome." All was quiet on the outside, except for the infernal squawking of automobile horns. It is curious how the Latin peoples like to make a noise--like so many children.

(Wife, Nov.25, ~~pink~~ folder

~~(Dragoni, same.~~ omit

(Mother, ~~same~~.

(1926, Nov. Lisbon.

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(Regent, name.

(Mother, name.

~~2283--a~~ ~~2621~~

"Lisbon, 25 November 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Que lastima that I cannot be with you all today--Thanksgiving. Let us be thankful, however, that we are all well and can look forward to being together in future Thankgivings.

"In recent letters I wrote of the complications that had arisen at the Institute during my absence and of the ultimatum that I had given. I really had hopes that the Italian officials of the Institute would be so unwise as to refuse my request for complete independence in the census project and I had visions of resigning and hopping the first steamer for New York and being with you all for Christmas. But it was not to be. Yesterday--the day I had set for the ultimatum to expire--I received a cable from the Secretary General saying that the Permanent Committee had decided to place the provisional bureau for preparing for the census under my exclusive direction, so that my perfectly good and legitimate excuse for resigning has vanished, and I feel in duty bound to continue with the census program. Que casualidad.

"Yesterday I had a very satisfactory interview with the Minister of Agriculture, the Director General of the Information and Propaganda Office, and the Y Chief of Agricultural Statistics. Today or tomorrow I hope to have similar interviews with the Minister of Colonies, because Portugal has a number of colonies that should take pr part in the census.

"Although this is a city of nearly 800,000 inhabitants its best hotel, the Avenida Palace where I am staying, is only fifth rate. The food is abominable--cast-iron rolls, half cooked meats swimming in oil, scarcity of vegetables also swimming in oil or rancid butter, and hard green fruit.

"My next destination is French Morocco. I cannot go direct

"Lisbon, 25 November 1926.

"Dear Dorcia and Miles:

"One lesson that I cannot be with you all today--Thanksgiving. Let us be thankful, however, that we are all well and can look forward to being together in future Thanksgivings.

"In recent letters I wrote of the complications that had arisen at the Institute during my absence and of the ultimatum that I had given. I really had hopes that the Italian officials of the Institute would be so unwise as to refuse my request for complete independence in the census project and I had visions of resigning and hopping the first steamer for New York and being with you all for Christmas. But it was not to be. Yesterday--the day I had set for the ultimatum to expire--I received a cable from the Secretary General saying that the Permanent Committee had decided to place the provisional bureau for preparing for the census under my executive direction, so that my perfectly good and legitimate excuse for resigning has vanished, and I feel in duty bound to continue with the census project. One casualized.

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"My next destination is Tangier Morocco. I cannot go direct

from Lisbon, but must return to Madrid. There are no through day trains between Lisbon and Madrid and the night trains have a sleeper only on three nights of the week, so I shall have to stay here two days longer in order to have the benefit of a sleeper. So you see this is another European country that is backward and primitive.

"I have so far taken very few pictures in Lisbon, partly because it has rained almost every day and partly because I have been too much occupied with interviews.

"Otára cosa barbarosa. I gave a new pair of trousers that I had made in London to the hotel valet in Rome for pressing. I did not have occasion to wear them until I reached Lisbon, where I discovered that the valet had substituted another pair of lighter weight material but of the same color, which was the reason I did not notice the difference before I left Rome. When I put them on I found they were three inches too short in the leg and six inches too large in the waist. Wow, somebody swear for me.

"Well, dearies, here's hoping you have a nice dinner today and that next Thanksgiving I can be with you. Love and kisses from

"Daddy."

-2-

~~2283--c~~

"Lisbon, 25 November 1926.

"Dear Mother:

"No letters from home have reached me since I left Rome two weeks ago. However, I shall expect to find something when I reach Casablanca next week or else at Algiers a week later.

"I left Madrid last Sunday evening and reached Lisbon about 2 o'clock the next afternoon. I had a compartment all to myself and was very comfortable, except that the man who corresponds to our Pullman porter did not make up the bed until noon.

"I was up at daylight and found that we were passing through mountains and high tablelands, mostly great boulders and expanses of barren rocks. And so it was for several hours after we crossed the Spanish-Portuguese border. As we came down to lower levels we began to pass little villages, some of them with a castle and a church, and patches of cultivated ground.

"Then we came out on a great plateau, mostly open prairie sown to wheat, but always there were immense boulders. In several places one can see jagged rocks sticking straight up out of the ground and covering several acres, looking exactly like a lot of tree stumps that have been ~~sharp~~/ sharpened by exposure to the weather. Ø In one place there was a lot of boulders half as high as a house that were shaped like mushrooms, that is, their tops were twice as wide as their rounded, pillar-like bases.

"Next we came into a region of cork oaks and olive trees. The oaks are larger than the olives, the foliage is almost exactly the same color, but the leaves are rounded while those of the olives are something like willow leaves. The cork oaks grow wild, but in many places they are spaced sixty to a hundred feet apart and the ground between is plowed. The old oaks are very picturesque because of their sturdy, crooked trunks and low spreading tops. When they

get to be ten or more inches in diameter a circle of the outer bark is removed from the ground up to the first branches; in another year or two a second segment of the bark is removed higher up. The tree reproduces its bark in six to ten years, when it can be stripped again. After a section of bark is removed the trunk turns a deep, dark, rich red, and then brown and finally black. It is an interesting sight to see a large grove of cork oaks from which the bark has been removed. The trunks are red to black, and above is a spreading top of light gray branches and olive green foliage. At many stations I saw large accumulations of bark covering many acres and awaiting shipment.

"Throughout this whole region crops can be grown only under irrigation, although the night before there had been heavy rains and the whole country was spouting water.

"We came to the River Tagus about noon at a point where it was about half a mile wide. It was in high flood, out of banks and over the low fields, running swiftly, full of swirling whirlpools and flecked with yellow foam. From this point to Lisbon I began to see large areas in vineyards as well as olive orchards and cork oak groves.

"In a half day's ride in Portugal I saw only one team of horses, not over a hundred cattle--rangy long-horned beasts--and a few flocks of skinny sheep and goats.

"Lisbon appears to be about the same size as Baltimore. It is on the River Tagus, which at this point is wider than the Potomac at Washington. The banks and the water are muddy, but there must be some deep water because there are many ships of large size anchored in the stream. The city is built over many steep hills or ridges with deep narrow ravines or gulches between them, which makes it difficult to get from one part of the city to another except in di-

rections parallel with the ridges. These ridges are so steep in places that elevators have been provided for pedestrians to change from one level to another. In many places there are stair-steps apparently a quarter of a mile or more from bottom to top.

"I have been so busy that I have not yet had time to look up the art museum and botanical garden. Although the city is as large as Baltimore it hasn't a single hotel as good as the one in little Frederick. The food is outrageously bad--inexcusably bad. I havn't yet found a single thing that tasted good. They don't even know how to boil an egg properly, and they havn't sense enough to let fruit get ripe before putting it on the table.

"I have been successful with the government officials here and in Madrid. I now have the assurance of the responsible officials of all governments of Europe that they will cooperate in the agricultural census of 1930--except little Albania which I have not yet visited.

"I will leave Saturday the 27th for Madrid, Algeciras, Tanger, Casablanca, Rabat, Fez, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Albania, and back to Rome in January. I hope that all in the meantime all at home will keep well and comfortable and that we will all be together sometime next February.

"Wish we all might have taken Thanksgiving dinner together today.

"With love to all,

"Lee."

(1926, Nov. Lisbon. ~~E-2284. 2696~~

Friday, Nov.26. Fair and warm. At 11 a.m. Sr.Suarez and I called at the Ministry of Colonies and waited half an hour for the secretary, Sr.Pinto, to arrive. He gave me a note to the General Agent of the Colonies, Sr. Armanda Z. Cortesao, Rue de Prata 34, to whom the Minister had directed that I be referred. An employe then informed us that the secretary would not arrive until 12.30 p.m., and to pass the time we went to a restaurant near by for a cup of coffee. On returning at the appointed time we were told that the secretary had come and gone for the day. I sent word back that if I could not see the Secretary I should like to see his assistant highest in rank. I was then admitted to a dapper official who said that in addition to Portuguese he understood English, French, and Spanish. Mr.Suarez had left me and I had great difficulty in making the official understand in any language just what the census project involved and that the International Institute of Agriculture desired each country to promote the taking of the census in all its colonies and dependencies. Finally I got the message across and he readily agreed that if the Institute would send a supply of the census programs the Agent for the Colonies would take the matter up with the proper colonial officials. At 1 p.m. I walked back to the Consulate, but no one was there, so I returned to the hotel. After luncheon I wrote some letters.

(Dragoni, Nov.26, pink folder --also 2d letter same date.

(Hobson, same.

~~(Salto, same.~~

(1926, Nov. Lisbon. ~~E--2285.~~ 2647

Saturday, Nov.27, bright and clear. After breakfast I packed up and went to the Wagons-Lits Cie. for my transportation to Algeciras, and had the agent telegraph for a reservation from that point to Casa Blanca. Then I took a taxi to the exhibition of the Societie Nacional des Belles Artes, and paid twenty cents for admission. The exhibition was in a large hall the walls of which were covered with crude drawings and paintings. In the entire collection only two or three paintings appealed to me as excellent. All the remainder were glaringly crude and unattractive.

Then I walked up a hill to a small botanical garden. It was a small park the size of two city blocks and was attractive. I sat in the sunshine enjoying the prospect for nearly an hour. The principal object of interest in this little park was an old cedar tree that had been trained as a vine, that is, its branches had been spread out in all directions to form a lattice work above a frame so that it made a large arbor with the main trunk in the center.

After luncheon I sat in the hotel lounge for awhile, ~~paid~~ asked for my bill, and then discovered that my watch was fifteen minutes slow. A number of other people were standing in line and the clerk making out the bills was extremely slow. When my bill was presented I noted that it was just fifty percent higher than I had estimated--and this for abominable food and service--and I had to cash another check for $20. All this took time. I rushed to the railway station, which fortunately was just back of the hotel, ~~just~~ barely in time to catch my train. I was much provoked both at the hotel and at my miscalculation of time.

Lisbon to Madrid.

The train moved out at 3.15 p.m. It made good time, apparently about 50 miles an hour, along the river and only began to lose speed as it entered the hill country. My only companion in the compartment, an elderly gentleman, said there had been three months of

continuous sunshine without rain and all vegetation was burned up, after which heavy rains came and vegetation began to grow again, and that the river was about three times its normal depth. The ~~Y~~ elderly gentleman turned out to be an American from New York who had traveled in South America and had lived in Spain and Portugal for many years. I bought a basket luncheon at the same place I got one on the way to Lisbon. My companion had brought his lunch with him. He gave me a cigar and a glass of his wine which he seemed to prize highly but which to me seemed no better than the cheap wine that came with the lunch. We reached the frontier between 8 and 9 p.m. and the examination of passports and baggage took up a lot of time. I sat up until 10.30 smoking and talking with my fellow passenger.

He said he was in Lisbon in 1916 when one of the innumerable revolutions (riots) broke out. He described how he was on the street and heard the "ping" and the "spatter" of bullets on the walls near him. Smokeless powder was used so that it was almost impossible to tell from what direction the bullets were coming. On the spur of the moment he dived into a doorway of a sub-basement cellar and sat there as quiet as a mouse until nightfall.

The porter of the establishment was French and brought him some bread and wine. From time to time he would peek out of a little opening and saw the chief of police shot down and dying where he fell, and an individual crouching behind a monument base taking pot shots at pedestrians. He said these riots, or so-called revolutions, broke out periodically, and many more are nipped in the bud by the police on information supplied by informers. When the police have reason to expect a revolution is hatching, they double the guard at strategic points, such as the railway station, hotels, public buildings and wharves. I remarked that the last night I spent in Lisbon

(1926. Nov. Portugal.

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He said he was in Lisbon in 1910 when one of the innumerable revolutions (riots) broke out. He described how he was on the street and heard the "ping" and the "spatter" of bullets on the walls near him. Smokeless powder was used so that it was almost impossible to tell from what direction the bullets were coming. On the spur of the moment he dived into a doorway of a sub-basement cellar and sat there as quiet as a mouse until nightfall.

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(1926, Spain, Nov. ~~E--2287~~ 8639

I had observed a squad of soldiers stationed near the hotel entrance. He said it was because the police suspected a coming outbreak. He mentioned the name of an official who was also a manufacturer and employed about ~~600xmenxx~~ X 6,000 men, who had been shot at from ambush every few months and who expects ultimately to be killed in that way. He said the Portuguese are poor shots, are always awkward and nervous, and hit anything they shoot at only by accident. He said that the same state of affairs existed in Spain. Repeated attempts had been made on the life of the king, but the king was courageous and did not hesitate to go freely from place to place, knowing that he may be shot at purely as a matter of wanton sport by a peasant, a laborer, or a crazy anarchist.

Sunday, Nov.28.My fellow passenger and I got up at 8 a.m.We were passing through a country of low barren hills with a fine and sandy soil. The small towns were without trees or other vegetation. The country roads were abominable. My companion said the country is very dusty in dry weather.

We reached Madrid at 9.30 a.m.No taxies were visible at the station and my companion went out to look for one while I stood guard over the baggage. I went to the Palace Hotel and was assigna room near the one I had previously. I experienced a feeling of unusual satisfaction, well being, and elation, to again find myself in a first class hotel where everything was comfortable and spotlessly clean and well ordered. I had a bath and change of clothing, and decided to go without breakfast and make up for it with a good luncheon. Then out into the sunshine and took a walk up the street, bought a supply of cigars, some Spanish "Cuentas," and a bottle of cognac to take to my room. I had a delicious luncheon in the grill, read awhile, and then slept until 7.30 p.m. After an excellent supper I took a brisk walk, brisk because it was cold although I was wearing heavy winter clothing. Then to my room

to read, smoke, sip cognac, and fall asleep in a comfortable feather bed.

7 Madrid to Algeciras.

Monday, Nov.29, fair and cold. After breakfast I went to the Wagons-Lits Cie. for my steamer ticket from Algeciras to Casa Blanca and was told to call again at 12.30 p.m. After buying some French and Spanish money I returned to the hotel and addressed a number of picture postcards. Shortly after 4 p.m. I settled accounts and went to the railway station and was soon installed in a compartment of the waiting train for the south. It was a small compartment, crowded with baggage of a fellow passenger, and my ticket called for the upper berth. It grew dark early and the station was illuminated with electric lights at 4.30 p.m.The station was unusually crowded. Directly opposite my coach window was a large waiting room, brilliantly lighted, ~~and~~ with a plush carpet on the floor that extended out and along the station platform to the coach in front of mine. The waiting room was full of beautifully dressed ladies, officers and officials in uniform, and a regiment of royal guards surrounded the waiting room and the adjoining portion of the platform. About five minutes before the train was to start King Alfonso entered the waiting room with his suite and held a sort of reception. He was smiling and gracious, but seemed a little tired. A minute before the train started the King came out, lifting his hat to the crowd assembled beyond the guards, and walked leisurely within six feet of where I was sitting. He was tall, slender, with typical oblong Spanish face and head, clear cut features, rather small head, and black mustache. He looked like a keen business man, lawyer, or sporting gentleman. The ladies and gentlemen about him were very deferential and bowed low every time he looked in their direction. The military officers bowed with a jerk.

The train moved out promptly on time, ran smoothly and quite rapidly. I found my fellow passenger to be a German who lived in Lisbon and that he spoke English quite well. ℣ We had supper in the dining car at 7.45 p.m. The tables were all set and the moment supper was announced all seats were taken instantly. It was a good supper and the charge was only 75 cents. The royal coach was separated from the train at Manzanares at 9.15 p.m., with a regiment of guards on both sides, ~~and~~ a military band playing, and a large crowd assembled to see their King. At 10.10 we passed through Santa Cruz de Mudela, and then retired for the night.

Tuesday, Nov.30, clear and pleasant, following heavy rain during the night. I got up at 8 a.m. and went out on the platform to smoke. We were in a little valley with orchards of picturesque old olive trees, and on both sides were rocky mountains with snow on their peaks. At 8.30 a.m. the train stopped for a few minutes and I bought a cup of hot coffee and an orange. At 9.45 we passed Hancin in a region of mountains and gulches and cork oaks. At this station there were large accumulations of cork oak bark. There was little evidence of agriculture and the only domestic animals seen were a few lean and hungry looking red dogs, a few emaciated goats, and a few forlorn ducks.

At 10.10 a.m.we passed Jimena, with another large accumulation of cork bark, set in a high rolling plain. A few miles to the west would could see the white houses of a town clustered on a a hillside and above it a tower and the wall of an old fortification.

We reached Algeciras at 11.45 a.m., the Spanish port across the bay from Gibralter, a pretty Spanish town and a place of pleasant memories for me because of my former visit in company with agreeable fellow passengers. Before reaching Algeciras the valley broadens out to become less broken and more rolling, the lowlands

being mostly in wheat and the hillsides being covered with olive orchards and cork oaks. Some of the cork oaks in this section were the largest I had seen, two feet or more in diameter and 12 to 15 feet to the lower branches, and with wide spreading tops. The porter on the train said these trees would renew their bark every year.

At 11 a.m. I looked out and caught sight of the great rock of Gibralter outlined against the sky and seemingly quite near. The train was forty minutes late. It came around the bay, and made a stop at a station where my German acquaintance left me. He was a very agreeable gentleman. His wife and a young lady occupied the adjoining compartment. He said the young woman was a niece that lived in Hamburg and was spending a year with them.

The train left the town and proceeded along the wharves. A guide conducted me to a ferry boat. The porter said my large suitcase would have to be weighed because it was so heavy. It weighed thirty kilos, or about 66 pounds. The ferry boat waited thirty minutes or more for other passengers and then made its way slowly across the bay to Gibralter. It was a beautiful ride. The sun was shining brightly, the water was blue and rippling, the little town of Algeciras stood out clear and distinct like a cameo against the hills back of it, the wharves were piled high with freight, many ships of various types filled the harbor, and off to the north against the misty mountains a cloud and shower produced a wonderful rainbow streching from one twon to another town, so that each end of the rainbow was a little town of white houses, and one wondered if each little house in the towns had its own pot of gold. Back of the rainbow the mountains rose one above another and many of the peaks were glistening white with snow, and above and beyond them was blue sky. I suspected that these were the mountains we passed through during the night.